

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 21, 1981

\$1.00



**The brooding
art of
Christopher
Pratt**



Notes: as quoted in Canadian dollars, based on 1/3/94 exchange rate of 1.62 U.S. \$ = 1 Canadian dollar. Annual earnings of \$1.00 per share based on 16 day trading from 12/29/93 to 1/14/94, five company days, 100,000 shares. The company also has 100,000 shares of common stock outstanding.

MATH 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919

LETTERS

National insecurity

Many Canadians, and especially Québécois, probably share my feelings of strong doubt that Pierre Trudeau knows anything about the RCMP's wrongdoings, especially since he said that should anything be uncovered he would deny knowing about it. He is without doubt a very intelligent and clever man. We suspected that the RCMP was doing the law. But who believes the prime minister would not? Pierre Trudeau is my hero, but he has done nothing for us in practical terms. I am fed up with his theories. My great admiration for him has turned to fear. —LENE KROENETTE, Town of Mount Royal, Que.

It really horrifies me to know that Richard McDonald and Irfert actually believe that they have done this country a great service by exposing the RCMP's wrongdoings. Keeping an eye on, and restraining a security agency, will do nothing but render this agency useless. It is essential for an open examination of the kind not to have its hands tied. A civilian security agency will be more of a hindrance than a help to our national security. —DONALD A. SHERITT, St. Catharines, Ont.

Your article on the McDonald commission (*Blood Murders for Suspect Costs Cover*, Sept. 11) hints very briefly at what was the chief achievement of the prime minister in establishing the royal commission: he has demystified the



Commissioners, admission to fear

RCMP. The RCMP had most of the characteristics of a secret confederacy in Canadian life. And, having watched *Lawrence and Livestock* demystify that secret institution of French Canada—the church—during the early '80s, I have a hunch that the prime minister took his time until he skillfully removed the aura of inviolability and sanctity from English Canada's most revered organization. —JOHN ATKIN, Toronto

The monoliths plod onward

It seems every time one reads the news there is another horror story of one super-corporation buying out another one, not to produce new jobs or products for Canadians but to gratify some

executive's ego (*Bigger Business, Never Have So Few Owned So Many or So Much*, Editorial, Aug. 30). Ask them what could happen to the country if all those billions of dollars were spent on productive ventures instead of some sugar monopoly's greed. I don't know what you can do, but surely there must be a politician somewhere with some ideas on how to get our country back to a free enterprise society.

—BARRY KROENETTE, Hamilton, Ont.

Bribe and begonia

So, Maclean's will continue to use the term "Bribe" (*The View From the Inside*, Cover, Column, Sept. 7). My objection to the word is because it was coined by the terrorist said, "Bribe on the Bribe" must have a venomous ring in Irish terrorist ears. And it must be satisfactory when persons of Irish birth or descent use the term used in a *Commonwealth* weekly of the standing of Maclean's. I shall await the time when you print the word "Puke" and then will accept your view that there is no star in the sun of "Bribe" and that any weapon is in the use or the context, not the designation itself. —ALAN W. WATSON, Brampton, Ont.

Broadbidding the broadminded

What is the male verbal equivalent of a "broad" (*44 To Stop, So Start To Stop*, Column, Aug. 10)? Acknowledging that the term is a derogatory one, I found Allan Pottingerham's use of it offensive, uncomprehending and unenjoyable. —C. H. BARNETT, Victoria, B.C.

PASSAGES



MARY KIBBENWHITE, Thomson Newspapers Ltd. President *Margaret Hamilton* to St. Clair McCabe, 66, president of the company's U.S. holdings, Thomson Newspapers Inc., her first, her second, in Toronto, Fla. Co-workers for 22 years, McCabe held the presidency of both companies until last year when he turned over the Canadian division to Hamilton.

3623 Charles Sternberg, 56, veteran dinosaur hunter and acknowledged father of paleontology, in Ottawa following a long illness. During his 58-year career, Sternberg discovered the remains of hundreds of dinosaurs, mostly in the badlands of Alberta, identified 58 species and amassed an internationally renowned collection of fossil vertebrates.

MARGIE GILIE Parrell, 76, former general manager of *The Canadian Press*, and his secretary of 17 years, *Mary Kibbenwhite*, 61, in a small ceremony in Chatham, Ont., 50 km north of Peterborough. Parrell, a widower, was general manager of the news service from 1946 until his retirement in 1969.



DEED Ray Wilkins, 50, steel rights leader and longtime head of the (National) Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), of Indiana fall-

ture in New York City. The grandson of a slave, Wilkins first became involved in civil rights in 1942 as a reporter for *The Evening City Call*, where his articles led to Senate investigation and legislation against exploitation and unequal pay. His greatest triumph was the 1964 U.S. Supreme Court decision to desegregate public schools.



DEED "The Fiat Maker" Felix A. Lask, 71, inventor of the flight simulator, of cancer, in Rensselaer, N.Y. In 1928, Lask, a high school dropout, patented his flight simulator training device, which was first used in a government park. In later years Lask turned to cosmography, developing schematics and capturing the sun as a source of food and energy.



DEED Hideo Yukawa, 74, discoverer of the electron and the first Japanese to win the Nobel Prize, of acute pneumonia, in Kyoto, Japan. Yukawa received the Nobel Prize for physics in 1949 for his discovery of electrons in the nucleus of atoms. His last public appearance was in June when he joined a group of scholars and scientists that issued a statement demanding a ban on nuclear weapons.

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the cola.



See? Bacardi is beautiful by itself. Clean. Light. Smooth-tasting. That's why it goes so smoothly with so many mixers. So pour on the cola, the ginger ale, the juice or the lemon-lime. When you start it with Bacardi, you can bet you'll enjoy it. For a good food and drink recipe booklet, write FBM Distillery Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 368, Brampton, Ontario L6V2L3.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

BACARDI RUM IS PRODUCED BY FBM DISTILLERS LTD., 10000 HWY. 10, UNIT 10, BRAMPTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

More than water in the well

As a measure of devotion to his professional life, Dr. Mahabub Ratty did not dwell on his loss of an important interview—his arrival in life itself. *Medicine for Doctor Doctors*, Polaris, Aug. 24. It is remarkable that, as the specialist carries his head bowed \$30,000 to the bank following seven-day weeks, he passes by his family members who go unmentioned in his constant race with time. The profession in Canada has been staffed for years by medical "monsters" who are constantly accused of being in the pursuit of riches. When catching the victims of a popular health scheme delivered under such conditions, politicians should be advised, "When you drink the water, remember who dug the well!"

—CHILLER LORING, Lethbridge, Alta.

Ratty's article provides us with an excellent bare-bone insight into what really happens inside the paycheques of our medical practitioners. Those soap-operated roles defining doctors' lives as those of fortune, leisure and golf are an unfortunate perspective held by a great many Canadians.

—WILLIAM DALEY, Ottawa

I am sick of doctors complaining about how little they get for the number of hours they work and how their standard of living is slipping. Ratty takes great care to point out that his take-home pay is equal to (or more than) the gross wage paid to mine workers. How terrible to make only \$30,000 a year after



One eye on the balance sheet

taxes! He weighs the advantages offered every job and profession, from real estate to corporate executive, to go to doctors, but none of the disadvantages.

—NORMA J. COATES, Vancouver

If Ratty is as concerned with the earnings of other professions in Canada, compared to his own, he should remember that he should know that he would have to work nights and holidays. If he wants to make the same money as a corporate executive then he should go and be one. If he wants to just make money then he should join a union. But remember that being happy in a profession is the most important asset.

—P. G. FORTNEY, Toronto, N.C.

Ratty has unwittingly outlined much of what is wrong with Canada's health care system today. Many people who are concerned about the quality of health care believe that the provision of professional health care services and the entrepreneurial spirit of a small businessman are not compatible. In other words, everyone in the health profession should be employed on a salary basis. But it is really appropriate for sick people to be treated on what is essentially a piece-meal basis? How can we expect an doctor to look out for our best interests when they no freely admit they always have one eye on the balance sheet?

—ELIZABETH J. WALTON, Toronto

I wholeheartedly agree with Ratty's position. As a registered nurse, I have seen many physicians work all day and most of that night and still function well the next day. This is a frequent occurrence and many physicians are not paid well enough for what we, the public, expect of them.

—ANNIE J. LEE, Richmond, Va.

Conditions for charity

Barbara Amiel's article on *Conditioning* (A Liberal Dose of Bureaucracy, Column, Aug. 24) was simply superb. The Third World is in a mess because of its own political and economic systems, and it is about time we said so and refused to bail it out! Let them all clean up their corruption, abolish their concentration camps and restore freedom and democracy and then we'll help them, but not before!

—LEE B. KIPPENHOF, Nanaimo, B.C.

To spy or not to spy

In her column *Underdog*, Ar. Al-Aziz (Aug. 20), Barbara Amiel unconsciously comments that a city newsletter is studying the "vital question of whether to spy and monitor the city's pet population." Since thousands of surplus and unwanted dogs are killed every year by the Toronto Humane Society, this is indeed a vital question.

—MARGARET LARSEN, Field Agent, The Fund For Animals Inc., Toronto

A luxurious ride to . . . ?

Jean-Luc Poirat's explanation for dropping 15 passenger train services across the country is that they are losing money (You Can't Get Them From Here, Canada, Aug. 10). Perhaps the reason people are turning to planes and buses for long distance travel is because they are more reliable, as well as the staff being more friendly. More than one I have seen arrested and rude conduct. The train cars are believed to cost \$100 million, which will be invested in the development of new light, rapid, comfortable trains. Why not repair and rebuild the old trains which many people depend on to get to the larger cities from the towns? We don't need luxury trains, we need trains that will take us where we want to go.

—DESI PHILLIPS, Springfield, N.S.

Down Under for only 72 cents

In mentioning facts on pricing you have given a false view of life in Australia (But Not Rabbits are Still Cheap, World, Aug. 31). While the price of food may be relatively cheap (relative to what?) it is comparable to that in Canada. You eat less a 72-cent bottle of wine, but would you drink it? A barely palatable wine is more likely to cost over \$2. And finally, the Australian Labor party has always spelled its name this way, as compared to Labour.

—DORIS MACKENZIE, Whitehorse, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Most correspondence to *Letters* in the *Editor* (Friday's magazine, All Canada) will be published.

Our Fish Story starts with Signals from 600 miles up.

There's nothing new about a fisherman hoping for a little help from on high.

But when that help comes from a satellite, that's news. Today, commercial fishermen are counting on—and getting—just that kind of help.

Signals from satellites 600 miles up, processed by a TRW electronic system, are helping fishermen find a homely little fish called the menhaden.



Meet the Menhaden

If you're like most people, you wouldn't know a menhaden if it jumped in a boat with you.

Yet it represents nearly half the tonnage of all commercial fish caught in the Gulf of Mexico every

fish oil finds its way into products ranging from margarine to paints to lubricants.

Landot and TRW. L. Going fishing with a photo from Outer Space.

Every day, these Landot satellites send us



year of the fish meal and oil it yields.

That fish meal is used as a prime nutrient in a variety of animal feeds. And menhaden

volumes of information about how the earth looks. This information reaches us in the form of billions of electronic signals. Then a TRW system translates and enhances them—and turns them into super-clear colour photos, pecked

with data about the earth and its waters.

For example, these space pictures can help reveal ocean features like sediment layers, depth, salinity and chlorophyll content. And where there's chlorophyll there's very likely to be phytoplankton—the basic food for the menhaden.



To a commercial fisherman, those photos can be worth their weight in gold—or fish.

They can save a whole fleet from wasting a lot of time looking in the wrong places for their catch. And that means more fish to show for those long days at sea.

A COMPANY CALLED TRW

SUBSCRIBERS' MOVING NOTICE

Send correspondence to Maclean's Box 1600, Suite A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1B6

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE (Indicate changes in Circulation and/or PLAGE and enclose old address label from most recent magazine if not well)

First Name: Last Name:

Address:

City: Province:

Country:

Postal Code:

Amputating the judicial arm

'No judge in Canada now knows to what extent his sentence will be honored'



By Les Bewley

Imagine the red-faced spluttering rage of the prime minister, the premiers, their cabinets and all the legislatures of Canada if, tomorrow, the Canadian judiciary had the informal gall to inform them that, no matter what the legislators or ministers decided or ordered, or how thoughtful or careful they act, the judges would in future either shun or disregard them as they see fit.

They would storm out of their legislative masques, clenched fists aflutter, howling for a holy war upon the infidel judiciary. And they would be justified in doing so, because if there is one political commandment that must be observed, it is that the three main arms of democratic government—legislative, executive and judicial—must respect each other's jurisdictions and powers, and take great care never to invade or usurp them.

It will not happen, of course, because Canadian judges are too steeped in the requirements of the constitution, too enamored in the traditions, or supposed dignity, of silence to even dream of mounting such a rude assault upon the other arm of government. Yet the legislative and executive arms of government, both federal and provincial, have been authorizing and committing those constitutionally indecent acts upon the non-consenting but largely non-resisting judicial body for the past 25 years.

What has taken place has been purely provincial and federal governments poached and defiled their jurisdictions from the other's domains, and how jealously states, provinces and senators of all parties guard their ancient legislative kingdoms from the incursions of the executive arm, only he is to be absolutely thankless for the extent to which they have all gleefully ganged up to invade and pillage the turf of the judicial branch.

No crimes, legislators, cabinet minister or prime minister is allowed to interfere with or influence a judge's decision or sentence, cabinet ministers have resigned or been removed from office for attempting to do so. Yet, the legislative and executive arms have succeeded in doing through the back door what they are strictly forbidden to do through the front door. In 1969, the federal government created the Parole Act and created the National Parole Board as an administrative agency responsible to a minister of the Crown. Thanks to that, and subsequent federal and provincial corrections acts, a host of cabinet appointees and civil servants—a *Casashe* was partly armed with degrees in the social sciences in place of barista—was unleashed to evict almost every solemn, considered, judicial sentence of imprisonment.

By widespread use of parole, day parole and temporary absences (some beginning on the first day of incarceration), this new engine of bureaucracy was hauled the unfettered right to amputate, and occasionally almost extinguish, the

lawful sentence of every trial and appellate judge, something even the Supreme Court of Canada is reluctant to do.

This arrogant usurpation of power was well illustrated on Oct. 7, 1973, when federal Solicitor-General Jean-Pierre Goyer, boasting that he and his henchmen had released 8,251 prisoners from the institutions where the courts had ordered them confined, advised an astounded House of Commons that, "We have decided, from now on, to stress the rehabilitation of individuals, rather than protection of society." (None the royal, but unjudicial, "us.") The judges, and society, be damned.

Not content with the transformation of the judicial branch into a playground for the futile experiments of progressive social system graduates, advisors-general, ministers of justice and attorneys-general and their parole and re-

creation staffs have long earned on a campaign of public denigration of the motivation, sense and competence of Canada's juries.

I was present in the chambers of a chief justice of the province of British Columbia (who had longer experience as a trial judge than perhaps any other judge in the Commonwealth) when a pop-speak juror member of the National Parole Board curled his lip at the chief justice's protests, and said, "After all, Chief Justice, we are the experts of sentencing." He then added this inquiry to himself: "After all, we have the law on our side."

In July, Dorothy Betts, appointed a regional member of the National Parole Board by the federal cabinet, was reported as telling the Canadian Congress for the Prevention of Crime that she doesn't believe in prisons. "A person shouldn't be locked up," she said. One has to assume that the cabinet shares the view that the Charles Hennessey of this world should never be confined by inhuman, red-neck, idiot judges. Making Mrs. Betts a custodian of political sentences is the equivalent of placing the late notorious bank robber Willie Sutton in charge of the bullion vaults of the Bank of Canada.

The direct mark of this unaccountable butchery is that no judge in Canada now knows to what degree his sentences will be honored, the judicial envisage stands debased, the work of dedicated police officers is mocked, and crime and criminals are encouraged, not deterred.

The legislators and executive ministers attempt to justify all this by saying that it is cheaper, is the taxpayer, to release criminals early, than to carry out the orders of the courts. The dreadful naïveté of the claim is only equalled by its disgusting cynicism, for, as Oscar Wilde said, "A crime is a crime who knows the price of everything...and the value of nothing."

Les Bewley recently retired after 21 years as a judge of the provincial court in Vancouver.



MAKE IT WITH McGUINNESS. SERVE IT WITH PRIDE.



McGuinness Vodka or Gin:
The makings of a great Martini.



GOOD DRINKS BEGIN WITH McGUINNESS.



Sea to Sea

One of the largest publishers of periodicals in B.C. is Maclean Hunter. We are also the largest publisher of magazines in French Canada, a prominent AM/FM broadcaster in the Atlantic Provinces, a major broadcaster in Central Canada and Alberta, and growing in cable TV. Maclean Hunter is committed to growth in the communications industry where we intend to become larger, to earn a good profit and contribute as much as we can to building a strong, united Canada.

It will not surprise you that about half Maclean Hunter's income is earned by publishing, printing and related services.

However you might raise your eyebrows upon hearing that the other half of our money comes from electronic media.

You can see the thrust of Maclean Hunter ambitions when you examine our spectrum of communications enterprises. Crossing broadly

are AM and FM radio in many major cities, television and cable properties in Canada and the United States. Consumer magazines and our wide range of business publications remain the backbone of Maclean Hunter, rounded out by trade directories and special-interest magazines. And, still in the theatre of people talking to people, trade shows, business fairs, conference management.

Maclean Hunter sells the product of motivated minds — ideas and services. To help cultivate an atmosphere of unity among the varied communications groups within Maclean Hunter, we have created a dynamic new corporate signature (see below).

However apt a corporate signature may be, it can be given meaning only by the people in the organization and the ideas they generate.



Maclean Hunter

This illustration at right appeared in Canadian Yachting, serving Canadian boat owners. Another of Maclean Hunter's special-interest publications is Pacific Yachting, not to mention Ski Canada, Audio Canada, Photo Canada. All have actual readership among affluent audiences.



New face on an old city

An impressive architectural heritage aids Saint John in its bid to assert itself

By David Folster

In the early evening calm, Porter Hammond cuts the engine on his seven-metre Western dory and watches as seagulls catch the sun and propel the craft toward the minaret of the Kennebecum River. Destination for Hammond, his wife, Jane, and their four guests is a beach party a few kilometres upstream, and it's the kind of indulgent arrival at an event that these reverebrate sailors love.

"When we were living in Vancouver," says Jane Hammond, "we just couldn't afford this kind of lifestyle. But here in Saint John, it's within reach for families like ours." The Hammonds spent two years in Vancouver, then were swept back home to Saint John as a tidal wave of homecoming hit at Christmas, 1975. Today, living in the spacious 1947 home they bought and began restoring within six months of their return (even as Porter worked as a teacher in a pulp mill), they appear to be here for good. "We know Saint John and all its weaknesses," says Porter Hammond, "but it's still a beautiful city."

This kind of pride, it must be said, is



The Hammonds (left), Prince William Street building: a source of community

not the typical reaction to Saint John. On the contrary, in many Canada's oldest incorporated city, created by Royal Charter in 1786, is a maddening mix of old and new, depressed, polluted and hidden under layers of Bay of Fundy fog, the kind of place it's all right to be, but certainly not a place in which to live out your days. Even people who work there appear to have their doubts, the exiles to nearby bedroom communities in recent years has helped turn Saint John's environs into the fastest-growing sector of New Brunswick (while the city's population has actually declined slightly, to 88,000).

Yet, Saint John has never quite relinquished its dream of becoming an enviable address in its own right—a worthy rival to Halifax, say, or even to New Brunswick's almost too-perfect provincial capital of Fredericton. And, at last, there are signs the old part may indeed have turned the corner. At the foot of

King Street, on the spot where the people of Saint John celebrate the arrival of the Loyalists nearly 200 years ago, are the first stages of the multimillion-dollar Market Square development, which will contain retail space, a new library, a hotel and a convention centre. Nicholas Barlow, a city official, views the psychological boost to "parents who have long wanted a child, and suddenly the child is on the way." Last fall, the city had against favored Fredericton for the 1986 Canada Summer Games, and, wonder of wonders, Saint John got them. The victory will provide the city with up to \$10 million worth of badly needed athletic facilities. Down at the docks, meanwhile, the part of Saint John—a key element in the city's economic health—is becoming it's the fourth largest port in the world, trailing Vancouver, Montreal and Quebec City.

To view the structures that mold

mean the most in the long run to Saint John's efforts to stand out in the crowd (and which Heritage Canada Foundation has termed "the best surviving examples of 19th-century commercial facades in all of Canada"), one must visit off King Street and onto side streets such as Prince William and German Streets, in small city corners that are literally chockablock with history, in the old Saint John, noncommercial and erstwhile public buildings whose tarnished stone and brick faces embody the town's rugged, sedating character. There is, for example, the Sumner's Wharves, founded in 1877 by the wife of a Father of Confederation, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, as a social and lodging centre for visiting sailors of the world. Gracing the facade of Chubb's Corner, at 131 Prince William is known, are curved stone heads which once exuded their artist's blunt rebuke from the local press: "We trust no more of our buildings will be adorned by such buffoonery from his hands."

Going down at the street from his 46th-floor office, Ken Kelly, a young city planner from Vancouver, declares, "We've got such potential for putting this city on the map, but we've got to make something of being the oldest city." A key, Kelly believes, is designating a 15-block downtown sector as an historic preservation area. Under the plan, which was presented to Saint John Common Council in July, controls would be established to ensure that the area retains its architectural heritage.

Positive though these steps are, the outcome is by no means assured—witness the case of the former Imperial Theatre. Standing just off King Square in the heart of the city, the 66-year-old building looks like the perfect answer to Saint John's pressing need for a theatre. It is large (seating about 1,200), recently restored, old-fashioned and ornate. Since 1956, the theatre has served as sanctuary and offices for an independent church called The Full Gospel Assembly. Now the church wants to sell the building to the community for \$600,000. However, the downtown has been groping toward the theatre drive has set its sights on a new and more expensive audience in the Market Square development. "In the long run, it's going to cost less to operate," says treasurer Barbara Schumacher. For its part, the city government appears more interested in targeting recreational dollars for a sports complex that was a commitment of Mayor Robert Leckhart's 1980 election platform.

To save, the lack of momentum in purchasing and restoring the old (imperial is attributable to the absence in Saint John of a large middle class, the stratum of society which usually supports such causes. One of the town's

du Maurier
for people with a taste for something better

Imagine your life
without light.



Tungsten. A product of mining. Without it our lightbulbs would be darkbulbs. Without copper we'd have to learn to live without electricity. And without a lot of other products that come from Canada's mining industry we'd have no cars... or coins... or clocks.

But the real loss would be to our national prosperity. Without mining, Canada would be without a significant part of its wealth. And that would hurt all of us.

It's an economic fact we thought you should know.

We're the men and women who work our country's mines.

**We thought
you should know.**

THE MINING ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

about Saint John is that, though it still calls itself the Capital City, it long ago ceased to be predominantly Loyalist in population. The historic wrong is the mid-life during the Irish potato famine, when thousands of destitute Irish came to Saint John. While enduring discrimination that lasted well into this century, the Irish did find work in St. John's mills, and thus was born the city's reputation as a blue-collar town. There is considerable apathy in civic matters but also an appealing lack of pretension. "Nobody in Saint John is going to tug his forelock at anybody," says an admirer of the city.

One passion, however, that even the most biased Saint Johner might be impressed by the living family, rather patriarch K.G. (now semi-retired and an official resident of Bermuda), or sons Jack, Jim and Arthur. The livings, with interests in everything from peas to pulp, from oil to shipbuilding, are the dominant economic force in New Brunswick. Because Saint John is corporate headquarters, the effort is felt acutely there; it is estimated that one out of every five Saint John residents depends directly on living businesses for his or her livelihood. Critics argue that this has not always served the best interests of Saint John—at least in terms of pollution (a powerful pulp mill stands where has long pervaded parts of the city is only now being cleaned up) or even in terms of city revenues (in July the city finally negotiated a new rate for the billions of litres of water it had for years been providing to the living mill at less than cost). Nor do the livings bestow their largesse on asserted public works. In that sense, K.G.'s living has been a typical, so-called Saint John citizen, and is generally admired as such. "He has been a benefactor like those of the industrial revolution," says Barfoot. "His form of beneficence is economic growth."

So, when it comes to matters such as preserving old buildings, Saint John must rely on a small coterie of zealots to carry the ball. Among these is June Hunsman, president of Saint John Heritage Trust Inc. She recently joined a friend, Joanne Good, in opening a small toy store in one of the old city-owned buildings on Prince William Street. A sense of community and neighborhood is important to her. "Saint John," she says, "is still a small enough city for you to go into a restaurant and see right people you know." For all that, watching the Hunsmans happily sail along on the Bonaventure, with the city lying just beyond one shore, and the red orb of the sun passed to drop behind the hills of the other, the scene is so perfect that one is inclined to think that they just might have come home again anyway. ☐

Field
Day.



Smirnoff
LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE



Aiming for centre court at Wimbledon

Carling Bassett, 13, is Canada's best prospect ever for a world class female tennis player

By Barbara Amiel

The angelo-faced child with the mouth full of steel braces (only full next March), impeccable manners, golden tanned skin and hair to match is a dirt biker. Nothing in life, she says, beats tearing up trails on her Yamaha GT90—though she really likes her brother's Kawasaki TC100. Mind you, last year she wanted to be a veterinarian and before that a lawyer—more the sort of careers you might associate with the pleasant looks and rambling spontaneity of her home in Toronto's exclusive Brimley Park area than her current yen to be an actress. Anyway, she says, snapping her bubble gum which mindlessly expands and contracts without tangling in the mesh of her dental work, right now she's aiming to get to centre court at Wimbledon.

She might, too. At age 13, Toronto's Carling Bassett has just concluded her best season of tennis to date, earning her rating as Canada's No. 1 female player under 18 by wrapping up both the single and doubles titles in mid-August's Canadian Junior National Championships. The following week she made it to the finals of the under-18 international U.S. Clay Court Championships. She already has one interna-



With parents at Junior championships

tional Grand Prix tournament victory under her natty Flia tennis belt—the 1981 Belgian Junior International Championships—which makes her the youngest Canadian player ever to win a women's junior Grand Prix tournament. She has the discipline of a sen-

ior professional, spending 11 months of the year away from home and family on the tennis tournament circuit and at tennis school in Florida. And like a professional athlete, Carling Bassett already has an economical way with words. Asked what special quality in tennis impelled her to sacrifice so much of her childhood, Carling's reply evoked garbled metaphors: "I like to win at things," she said laconically.

Still, others are more rapturous in their comments. "She's the best prospect Canada has ever had for a world class female tennis player," says Don Steele, executive director of Tennis Canada, "and she's giving tennis in Canada just what it needs—a high-profile performer to get Canadians enthused about the game. On top of it all, she's just a nice ordinary kid."

Well, not quite. Ordinary 13-year-old kids, never stand their accents, don't work as their tennis studios for three hours in 40°C heat. Ordinary kids don't wake up at 6:30 a.m. and go through a day at Nick Bollettieri's Tennis Academy in Bradenton, Fla., which has been compared to a hot city regime: breakfast 7 a.m., school 8:30 to 12:30, court practice 1:45 to 4:00, followed by a one-hour workout of 200 sprints, 200 push-ups and an eight-kilome-

What's your chance of getting hot water from the sun?

Pretty good, but it's expensive right now. Even in an ideal location, it would cost you at least \$2,500 to have a solar water heater installed in your home today.

But Ontario Hydro believes that solar water heating is one of the most promising ways to use the sun's energy. So we are working to improve the technology.

The biggest advantage of a solar water heater is the energy it saves. The sun heats up your water during the day and can also build up a supply for night-time use. When the solar-heated supply isn't enough the system automatically switches to your regular water heater.

Our research people have been carrying out in-depth tests of solar water heaters for the past four years. Recently they installed heaters in several homes near the research centre and are monitoring their performance and costs to see how well they work in everyday family life.

The Hydro research program is the most complete study of solar water heater systems ever undertaken in Canada and underlines Hydro's efforts to explore renewable energy possibilities. Most other studies have looked at the solar collectors only. By looking at the whole system, including pumps, controls, and storage tanks, Ontario Hydro supplies valuable help to manufacturers. The study will also provide guidelines for future solar water heater standards to be set by the Canadian Standards Association.

Besides the actual testing and monitoring of solar water heaters, Hydro is training staff to assist the industry in site selection, installation and inspection methods.

Some 50 more test systems are being installed in homes across Ontario. Next year, if all goes well, about 700 solar water heaters will be installed across the province. By the end of 1985, it's expected

the program will represent a five million dollar investment shared equally by Ontario Hydro and the Ontario and Federal governments.

Toward the mid-eighties, it's hoped that the solar industry will start building water heaters for a market that could be as many as 5,000 a year across Ontario, which should go a long way in bringing the cost down. Also the development of practical solar water heating systems should help stimulate the Canadian solar industry in world markets.

Affordable solar water heaters could save a lot of valuable energy. So let's keep our fingers crossed. By the 1990s, who knows how many of us may be showing in water warmed by the sun.



Electricity—when you need it, we're there.





You can pour whisky

the run. Every day. Sun smoking, drinking, dating, trashy food and lazy afternoons on the telephone or wandering about shopping plazas. Yet, for all that, Carling Bassett is remarkably like any other 13-year-old, with a short attention span for all matters but tennis and a spunky tendency to try anything for weird surfing, soccer, single poles on the transpoms and the new popcorn machine her mother has bought. What intrigues is how she comes by the qualities that make Carling Bassett unique. What makes a child prodigy?

Some answers come quickly to mind. "It really helps," explains Steele, "to have a family with the means to back you up." Which is to say that coming from Toronto's Bassett family (grandfather John W.H. Bassett, chairman of Baton Broadcasting, the major shareholder of the CTV network, father John Frederick Bassett, sometime film-maker, sportsman, entrepreneur and now a successful real estate developer) means that some of the most obvious pains of the tennis circuit—loneliness and discomfort—can be eased.

"I guess it would cost about \$30,000 after-tax dollars a year," says Carling's father, "to give Carling what we provide." Even at Balliet's tennis academy are in the range of \$1,200 a month. Traveling expenses for Carling and her

mother, indoor court fees when she's away from the tennis school, comfy lodgings in tournament cities—these are the little extras that most kids trying to make it wouldn't see. At the Canadian Junior National Championships in Ottawa, for example, the run-down Riverside Motor Hotel was the best ac-



commodation. Tennis Canada could manage to arrange Junior tennis players, it seems, aren't always welcome at the finest bed-and-breakfasts in town, due to a certain high-spiritedness that particularly affects players knocked out in early rounds. Nor does Tennis Canada have the financial means to get players up in late spots. "Dirty sheets and no towels," moaned Canada's high-ranking junior player Jill Hetherington when she hit the Riverside, before being whisked off by Carling's mother to stay in comfort with Carling at Ottawa's Holiday Inn. Getting one's laundry done by valet service, enjoying champagne delivered to the room and having a psychological—and physical—distance from the hot politics of tournament players all helps.

"It's her mother," says former Davis Cup captain and tennis consultant Don Fontana, "that's really important in Carling's success." Tennis mothers are a breed not unlike stage mothers. Trailing behind their offspring—or marching ahead pulling reluctant little players after them—they can belittle tournament organizers, demand special arrangements or create a sense of calm and tranquility in the pressure cooker of a tournament. Carling's mother, Susan Bassett (née Carling), whose

maiden name is immortalized not only in her daughter's name tags but in a brand of beer and the town of Port Carling, is a buffer zone of common sense for Carling. It is Susan Bassett who sits patiently on the phone for three hours waiting for a free line to get through to tournament organizers in Ottawa for the details of next day's draw, while prodigy Carling munches fruit and relaxes with the horror books she loves.

But the key to Carling's uniqueness comes in her relations regarding competitiveness. "She's a gifted natural athlete," says former U.S. Davis Cup captain Donald Dell, now a Washington lawyer heading up a company called Pro Serve Inc., which specializes in the marketing of tennis players, "but she's also a gutsy little player determined to win."

Of course everybody likes to win—on something. And everybody would like, as Carling did in the August, 1981, U.S. Clay Court quarterfinals, to have that extra measure of resilience that matches a proverbial victory out of defeat—in this case a 3-5 losing set with Carling coming up from behind to win game, set and match 7-6. Carling herself knows all the right things to say about winning: "I don't feel humiliated if I lose when I've done my best. Winning is nice, but it's okay to lose if you just try your best." But decent and



Playing on dirt bike: a spunky kid named

current as that sentiment may be, Carling simply doesn't believe it for one moment. She would rather die than lose. No one expected Carling to beat 20-year-old Czech player Ivana Bruskovic in the qualifying match for this year's Player's Challenge Canadian Open—

and indeed Carling lost. She lost with a sore shoulder, a face grimaced with determination, her teeth clenched and her double-handed backhand fighting for every point. A child prodigy seems to be one of these sacred monsters who must natural talent with a measure of determination to win that goes beyond the seal of ordinary humanity. "The point's not over till you beat her," says Fontana. "There's no historicity, she digs into a corner and just keeps scrapping."

Carling's father made it onto Canada's Davis Cup team, her grandfather was a Canadian representative in the International Tennis Federation and her two sisters love to play tennis. But some accident of the gene pool gives a child like Carling the extra dimension that pushes her into competing with the neighborhood adult if she notices that it can run faster than she can. This does not necessarily make Carling the easiest child. On the transpoms in front of the swimming pool at her Toronto home, young sister Heidi, 11, a talented figure skater, watches Carling bounce up and down. Heidi is grounded, her leg all bandaged up from a water-skiing accident. Bounce, bounce, bounce goes Carling. "Let me show you a little flip," says Carling to a visitor. "You can't do it," says Heidi, who can. "Yes I can," says Carling.



or you can pour a LEGEND.

CANADIAN LEGEND

A 6 year-old whisky with all the smooth, mellow taste that earned the name, CANADIAN LEGEND.



Do you overwork?

Many people overwork these days. Some say they want to. Others say they have to.

The trouble is that overwork is often accompanied by poor diet—skipped breakfasts, snatched lunches, “junk food” snacks.

This may lead to a deficiency in a group of vitamins known as the B complex. You see, unlike most other vitamins, the body can't store B complex. You need a fresh intake every day.

That's where Surbex B Plus may be able to help. Surbex B Plus contains all 5 of the essential vitamins that make up the B complex, with the addition of Vitamin C. Taken daily, it can help prevent deficiency.

Surbex B Plus
Vitamin B Complex plus Vitamin C.





The only thing Chivas has in common with other Scotch is the ice.

CITY SCENE

A flight for life in the balance

Air ambulance offers the best route to emergency treatment



Like something out of the television show *M*A*S*H*, the urgent doctor of helicopter blades has become a commonplace distraction for office workers as the towers close to The Hospital for Sick Children in downtown Toronto. The arrival on the hospital's roof of Bandage 1—so named in a competition by Bruce Davis, a 16-year-old heart patient from Kitchener, because "bandages make you feel better and so does your helicopter"—signals only one thing: an emergency. The passenger, whether a premature baby or a victim of a heart attack or stroke, is often closer to death than to life.

When life is hanging in the balance, a ride on the Ontario health ministry's helicopter is the fastest and safest way to emergency treatment in the province. The paramedics manning the 1,600 hp over-engine, turbine-driven helicopter are better trained and equipped than ground ambulance crews. The inside of the soundproof cabin is crisscrossed with life-support and monitoring instruments which the two paramedics aboard may use to transmit electrocardiogram and blood pressure readings to doctors on the ground. For premature babies there is an incubator, and for patients who "arrest" in flight—meaning their heart and breathing



Port Colborne with Bandage 1 (top): racing patient, up rush-hour 415/10 or Hurwy roads, time a critical factor

stops—there is a defibrillator and ventilators to revive and stabilize in those conditions. The air ambulance has another advantage over its ground counterpart: it doesn't have to fight rush-hour traffic or negotiate bumpy roads.

Bandage 1 is based at Kitchener's airport just north of Metropolitan Toronto, and flights to The Hospital for Sick Children and the Sunnybrook Medical Centre, the other hospital with a landing pad, have ranged from Barrie in the north, Windsor in the west, Port Colborne in the south and Ottawa in the east.

It's difficult to prove that without

TALISMAN not just a ski resort!

WITH GREAT PRIDE
WE PROCLAIM
TALISMAN,
CANADA'S
OTHER RESORT
WONDERLAND



It's all here for you to experience!

9 Hole Golf Course, Swimming
Pools, 4 Tennis Courts (lighted),
Archery, Grass Tennis, Dancing,
Fine Dining, Hiking, Beach, Trail
Horseback Riding, Fishing, Harvest
Valley, Ice Road, Winter, Horseback
Ski, Ice Board, Pro Shop, Gift Shop,
Supermarket, Children's Playground

For further information call:
(519) 575-2330, Toronto
(416) 364-0061.



TALISMAN
RESORT HOTEL
Box 1, Kitchener, Ontario
N0C 1G0

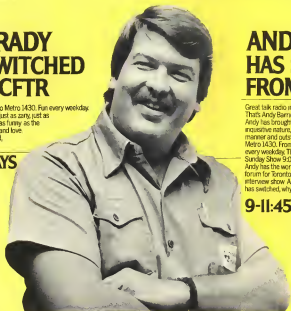
THE SWITCH IS ON!

TO METRO 1430 AM

JIM BRADY HAS SWITCHED FROM CFTR

Jim Brady has moved to Metro 1430. Fun every weekday. The 1430 Jim Brady is just as zany, just as unpredictable and just as funny as the Jim Brady we all know and love. Jim Brady has switched, why don't you?

WEEKDAYS



ANDY BARRIE HAS SWITCHED FROM CFRB

Great talk radio in the morning on Metro 1430. That's Andy Barrie, and the Andy Barrie Show. Andy has brought his wit, intelligence, inquisitive nature, provocative questioning manner and outstanding program to Metro 1430. From 9:00 to 11:45 every weekday. The Andy Barrie Sunday Show 9:00 to 11:00 a.m. Andy has the world as his forum for Toronto's best radio interview show. Andy Barrie has switched, why don't you?

9-11:45 AM



THE RADIO STATION FOR THE CITY.



Chairs

CIRCA 1881 Mount Forest Press Back Chairs

At Old Ontario House, we take pride in reproducing the best fine examples of early Ontario furniture. The design reflects an era of both elegance and simplicity.

Authentic in every detail, our Mount Forest Press Back Arm and Side Chairs are made from solid oak and are available in your choice of finishes - exclusively from Old Ontario House.

Come for a visit soon and see pieces from the past.



Pine and Solid Oak at its best!

Maplewood
Schomberg (416) 899-3343
Direct Toronto Line: 363-5008

Kitchener
Market Village
Telephone: (714) 942-8922



- Open 7 days a week, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
- Open 100 percent on display
- Free delivery within 100 miles

- Open 6 days a week
- 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
- Free delivery within 100 miles

Ontario's air ambulance service here would have been lost. But in minor instances where lives have been saved, time has been a critical factor. Steve Monroe, the 35-year-old captain of Bandage 1 and a former U.S. pilot in Vietnam, recalls one particularly dramatic episode.

It involved a teen-age youth who was in a car accident on a country road near Port Perry. He was a passenger in the backseat when the driver lost control and the car went into a ditch and through a farmer's fence. A piece of the fence crashed into the back window and flew, miraculously, directly through the youth's neck. Someone Monroe thinks it was a farmer, using a chain saw, cut the fencing protruding from both sides of the youth's neck. He was unconscious when he was taken by ambulance to the airport at Port Perry, where Bandage 1 was waiting. Says Monroe: "I couldn't believe it. A piece of skin at the front and the back of the neck was holding everything together. Everything also had been pushed out of the way." Monroe flew the youth to Stoneybrook Medical Centre where he was operated on immediately and survived, suffering a bruised larynx and facial nerve paralysis. Arteries, windpipe and spine all escaped permanent damage when they were pushed aside by the fence wood.

Not all cases are as sensational, even the air ambulance service started in 1970 most have involved premature babies and young children. In fact, during a three-year period, 381 of 509 patients flown to treatment by Bandage 1 were taken to The Hospital for Sick Children. In that case, only one premature baby, accompanied by a doctor in flight, died. On another flight, a woman gave birth to premature twins.

Ontario's flying paramedic service has been so successful that this summer the health ministry started a full-time northern service which will cost an estimated \$6 million a year. It will include two more helicopters, Bandage 2 and 3, at Sudbury and Thunder Bay, and two four-wing aircraft, Bandage 4 and 5, at Timmins and Sault Ste. Marie. In many cases the aircraft will take patients from remote areas to helicopters based for The Hospital for Sick Children. From there, through tunnels under and around University Avenue, a patient has access to the best medical care in Canada at Toronto General and Mount Sinai. It's only a short distance by ground ambulance to Toronto Western, St. Michael's and Wellesley hospitals. Now, instead of a two-day ground ambulance journey, which some patients from the remote north had to endure in the past, critical health care is only a flight away. It's bound to save lives.

—WANDER GOSLAND

ROBERT DE NIRO • ROBERT DUVALL

True Confessions



Two brothers
trapped by a murder...
One hid behind his vows.
The other behind
his body.

ALBERT HARVEST - PAMELA WILSON PRODUCTION

ROBERT DE NIRO • ROBERT DUVALL

"TRUE CONFESSIONS" CAST: BARRY D. PERKINS, PRODUCED BY: CHARLES DUNNING, COSTUME DESIGNER: CYRIL CLACK, WRITTEN BY: WILLIAM STORREY, DIRECTED BY: ALBERT HARVEST. Screenplay by: JOHN HUGHES, MUSIC BY: EDWARD KATZ. Executive Producers: JOHN GREGORY, PAMELA WILSON, STEVE GELMAN. General Producer: OWEN KORMAN, A.S.C. Produced by: PAMELA WILSON and ROBERT HARVEST.

Directed by ALBERT HARVEST. Based on the novel from Patrick Dasso. **United Artists**
Copyright © 1980 United Artists Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

**STARTS FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th
AT THE UPTOWN THEATRE**

Fly the skies of 64 countries on Swissair.

Obviously, you'd choose Swissair for a business or pleasure trip to Switzerland.

Less obvious is the fact that Swissair flies on from Zurich to 93 cities in 64 countries.

So often, Swissair is the most efficient, comfortable way to your destinations in Central and Eastern Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the Far East.

As an extra bonus, you make your Swissair connections, all under one roof, through Zurich Airport, one of the most manageable, civilized and efficient facilities on earth!

And finally, returning through Zurich is the perfect excuse for a few days of shopping, sightseeing, dining and relaxing in one of Europe's most charming and hospitable cities.

Swissair flies from Toronto/Montreal - with one less seat per row - four days a week, with daily service from New York, Boston and Chicago.

For reservations, call your travel counsellor or Swissair at (416) 364-3361 in Toronto, (514) 866-7901 in Montreal, (613) 236-7368 in Ottawa, (416) 522-0873 in Hamilton.

To 94 cities in 64 countries, we fly the world, Swiss Class!

swissair 

Swissair is everywhere - in the skies of 64 cities in 64 countries





Let Bob and Keith help you enjoy your breakfast!

Even people who can't face breakfast won't start their day without sharing a morning chuckle with Keith Rich and Bob Payne. Their gentle lunacy is just one good reason you'll enjoy Toronto's most-talked-about morning crew.

590/CKEY
RADIO TORONTO



Keith Rich
Mornings
5 to 9.30

Bob Payne
News 20.6 & 9
7.30 & 8.30

Joe Morgan
News at 7

Pete McGarvey
News at 8

Bob Rice
Traffic-
all morning long

Jim Hunt
Sports at
7.30 & 8.15



A.M. (Clockwise) Chrétien, New Scotia's Liberal leader Jean Trudelle, MacEachron: no police for households

CANADA

Clouds with no silver linings

Trudeau and company offer unappetizing promises and obscure pronouncements

By John Hay

When a carload of Cape Breton fishermen answered Jean Chrétien into the front seat and roared up the shore to Bay St. Lawrence last week, they promised to fill the justice minister up on moonshine, out-of-season lobster and poached oysters. Next morning, a sleepy Chrétien allowed that it was a large evening, indeed—but all aboveboard. Then he faded back into the meeting of the Trudeau cabinet's powerful committee on priorities and planning, from whence the promises were neither as plain nor as appetizing. After two days among the married spouses and petted palms of their lapidary resort, Pierre Trudeau's inner circle pronounced no panacea. And it was left to Finance Minister Allan MacEachron to devise a budget that might deliver the goods.

That will be a herculean task. Even before Trudeau lifted off in his coast guard shipper from the Keith Lodge's lawn, MacEachron's top bureaucrats were checking in at the front desk to start telling their boss how the economic

stretches political plans would look as economic policy. With a budget at least a month away, Trudeau and his ministers held themselves to pronouncements about as obscure as the Scotch mist that soaked the Nova Scotia coast for a day. For one thing, there was no silver for

silver. What he did promise was a "general thrust toward vigorous economic growth"—qualified by "the overriding concept of equity" which will replace the constitution and the National Energy Program as the government's chief goals. The Liberal caucus was hoping to hear something more substantial at a meeting with Trudeau this week. But his comments were still a shadowy response to what the Trudeau people know to be real-enough problems.

There is, first, the Liberal Party. Losing the Aug. 17 by-election in Toronto-Spadina—attempted to send Trudeau aide Jim Coates to the Commons—was, admits another aide, a no-doubt blow. Many Liberals think the loss was not so much a public rebuffing by voters as an act of rebellion within the party itself. Card-carrying Grits, counted on to canvass and drive other Liberals to the polls, simply stayed home in a rout that party organizers sense in other areas of the country as well. The government is now in its middle phase, says Trudeau adviser Tom Axworthy—between position implementation of promises (energy, construction) and a run-up to

households anxious about mortgage rates, which are largely undocked by Wellington's hard-line monetary policy. Said Trudeau: "Don't expect any get-rich-quick rebuff in the sense that we can pretend to protect Canadians and isolate them from events that are happening all over the world. But if there is any rebuff, it would be very narrowly directed to those in absolute dire

circumstances." What he did promise was a "general thrust toward vigorous economic growth"—qualified by "the overriding concept of equity" which will replace the constitution and the National Energy Program as the government's chief goals. The Liberal caucus was hoping to hear something more substantial at a meeting with Trudeau this week. But his comments were still a shadowy response to what the Trudeau people know to be real-enough problems.



Maclean's
NOV. 14/NOV. 21

the next catalogue, a time when government and party leaders are using the priorities and planning exercise by setting popular targets, is meant to carry Liberals through the current slump and into the next election.

Nonetheless triumph in the economic forecast. There is now hardly a word in cabinet or the media about who believes Ronald Reagan's economic policies will work. Reaganites rest on the promise that his calls will stimulate investment in industry, which in turn will generate economic activity and private incomes to produce higher tax revenues and a shrinking deficit. The wonderful result: growing private wealth and a balanced government budget. Among the 12 seats on the portfolio committee, there is almost unanimity that it will not work. There is also fear that failure could cause Washington to apply continuing high interest rates in attempts to suppress inflation by monetary policy alone.

Thus the Trudeau ministers are planning their own policies in the direct opposition of high interest rates and high inflation—reportedly in a general sense. If the cabinet is so sure, why the better judgment as the Reagan reading matter being passed among Trudeauists. One piece of material is an eloquent denunciation of Reaganism by Liberal economist John Kenneth Galbraith.

Joe Who until when?

In partly revamped the Liberals in two August by-elections and the polls suggested that, in a general election, the Liberals could have become prime minister. Why then were Joe Clark's agents trumpeting a move by their man last week to assert his authority—and on the relatively innocuous matter of the lineup in his shadow cabinet? The press wrote that Clark and a hard-core band of loyalists knew that he is in for the fight of his life for the best job he has ever had. His salary is \$75,000, he also gets tax and expense allowances of \$22,000, a splendid house at Stoneybrook and a staff of three, including the chauffeur for his blue Chevrolet Impala. As if to leave no doubt of his intentions, Clark said that "there is no question" that he will remain as leader.

Some of those who have other thoughts were involved in the shifts along the front bench. Jack Cowles has been fired from the job of director of a division of the federal government, replaced by the able Toronto MP Michael Wilson. David Crombie went to employment from social policy. Both men now will

in The New York Review of Books. Another is an Anthony Lewis column in The New York Times last week re-marking on the speed with which considering Wall Street has set itself against the president. White Lewis' column has triumphantly turned to scorn so quickly as to be little short happy summary of the Reagan economic miracle. "Never believe in miracles, the Trudeau cabinet is not surprised—just amazed."

MacBuchen remains slightly wary on his budget plans. But insiders are uniformly adamant on one point: they will not mimic Reagan's own policies, which one side insists on giving tax breaks to the rich and taking food stamps from the poor. On the other hand, these same planners in and out of the finance department continue to believe that fighting inflation means cutting the federal deficit, which relies not only on policies against inflation's pain. One budget shot winged from Trudeau's assessment was his emphasis on equity and his stress on human and regional development. That would be consistent with a shift in the tax load from the poor and middle-class to the wealthy. Over-all, though, there was no arguing with the Trudeau staffer who heard a Jack Cowles line to define the effect of Washington's interest rate purges on Canada: short-term pain for long-term advantage. □

have more time on their hands, if they choose, to make discreet trips abroad at staying up decisions who want Clark to go.

The plans were saved for loyalists. An important advocate of Clark's hanging in, Harvie Anderson, found him-

Clark, an intransigent shapeshifter



Ontario

Back to the only game in town

When Eric Gowen, 73, appeared before provincial court Judge Roy Mitchell last May as charges of violating the Ontario Personal Services Act, he presented the need for a parental society in Thunder Bay. To add weight to his argument, that federal directors needlessly embellish burials with embalming, cosmetics and expensive caskets, he submitted the judge that "Jesus Christ went to his tomb in a clean linen sheet." The argument made an impression on the judge—but not in the way the post-principal of the Thunder Bay Municipal Secondary had intended. In passing sentence last week, Judge Mitchell cited Gowen for his contemptuous attitude. He also called him "puffy and nasty," fined him \$1,000 and asked from his 200 member executive. Meanwhile, the Personal Services Act, another \$1,000. That line was for illegally performing undertaker's functions without a licence.

There are memorial societies serving 10,000 Canadians in 20 cities from Halifax to Victoria. But the Thunder Bay

self-renewed with the help of energy cleric Flora MacBuchen, who said her role in external affairs critic, but in return she will enjoy the privilege of seeing that goes with having a wife on women's issues and social policy where her husband Thyra could flourish. Walter Baker, hired by many Ontario services for planning Canada's 1979 budget to come to a vote in the Commons, was replaced as House leader by battle-hardened Erik Nielsen, the Yukon and with a contract for the judicial.

But in some ways, Clark's fate and that of Pierre Trudeau—rest outside of politics. Both are, to a degree, in the hands of Ben Laskin and the eight other members of the Supreme Court. It was Clark's prompt and direct attack on Trudeau's constitutional plans that stood the test of time among critics of the measure. An unfortunate decision by the court on Trudeau's package could strengthen Clark's hand before the Commons resumes Oct. 14. Nobody yet has a clear way the court will move—not even a Times correspondent who, The Edmonton Journal suggested last week, was spying on the chief justice from an apartment below Laskin's. The court's intergovernmental branch promptly swept the premises—but found the cupboard bare. The Supreme are at least as much in the dark as the Clerk.

Group spent seven futile years trying to find an undertaker who would deal with it. That prompted the frustrated Gowen to take matters into his own hands. For as little as \$175 he took care of legal paperwork when a member died, transported the body to a cemetery or crematorium, placed dead nations in papers and helped arrange religious services. For its part, the defence argued that Gowen's co-operating assisted people in doing what they are legally entitled to do themselves. Not only that, the defence lawyers contended that Gowen's organization did not hold funeral services, which are not essentially prepare a body for viewing and that it provided only a cardboard container (marked RESISTING STRENGTH IN POUNDS) but not a casket.

Gowen remains unrepentant. Now he wants to appeal the decision, if only to get an opinion on the Personal Services Act, which he still claims doesn't serve the public's best interests. If the basic intention of the act is to protect the public health, why then, he asks, must you buy coffins from a licensed funeral director "when a plumber, in his everyday work, does more for public health—and you don't have to buy your bathtub from a plumber?"

—ROSALIE WOLOSKI

Gowen, sometimes 'puffy and nasty'



Quebec

The leaning tower of babel

For most of Canada, last week was an apocalyptic time for schoolchildren to start off with unwhipped creamers and absolutely sharpened pencils. In Quebec, however, 1.2 million pupils returned to a diverse, sensitive school system which is rife with political battle. So chaotic is the situation that students are even refused government recognition. Victims of parental ignorance, teacher intransigence and government intransigence, several hundred pupils in Montreal have so far refused to attend school, even when told as "illegal." They are students who must French-language instruction and attend bilingual English-Roman Catholic schools. By doing so, they are



contravening provincial language legislation which bans them because their parents do not attend English elementary schools in Quebec.

Meanwhile, the bilinguals are recognized by no one. Some have been locked out of their schools and have found places elsewhere, far from home. Others are being charged a levy. And all are the unwitting victims of a history filled with hate and distrust. Their current status also requires the dispute over government legislation, which prohibits religious affiliation. At week's end the government revealed it is preparing the means to ease the transition of the bilingual into the French schools. Yet it remained firm in its position that there would be no amnesty to legitimize their presence in English classes.

The bilinguals—mostly of Italian and Portuguese descent—were trained into the English system by the Provincial

Association of Catholic Teachers, when it wanted to defy the language law. In the process, the union assured parents that their children's bilingual status would eventually be rectified. But last spring when the first of the bilingual wrote government-administered exams for their secondary school certification, they were not graded. The reason: exams were not registered on government computers. But some youngsters of immigrant parents are still being placed unlawfully in English kindergarten and Grade 1 with the concurrence of Catholic principals and the teachers' union.

For its part, the union claims there are 1,600 such bilinguals. But last week some of those children, essentially parents in the union's political game with the Parti Québécois government, were repudiated by the very teachers who induced them into illegality in the first place. English-Catholic teachers at St. Kevin's elementary school decided not to accept illegal pupils, some of whom had been in their classes for several



Process at St. Kevin's history of teaching

years. The displaced bilinguals were advised to go to French schools or to distant English schools where teachers were willing to accept them. At the same time, the union introduced a \$500-per-child levy on parents of the bilinguals, ostensibly to pay for supplies and part-time teachers' salaries. Until this year, the union had not warned parents in writing that their children's education would not be recognized in the words of Montreal Catholic School Commission spokeswoman Henriette Sebasty. "As far as we are concerned, these children do not exist."

The disruption is far from over. The school commissions themselves may not exist if the PQ government succeeds in a dramatic reform that would eliminate bilingualism from most of Quebec's public schools. Such a change

would have Newfoundland as the only province with an actively parochial public school system.

Roman Catholic and Protestant schools are protected by the British North America Act, but the legal changes under consideration would give the Quebec government the power to abolish the school boards that administer them. It could also enable the government to force parents who want non-denominational schools to request them explicitly. The reported and unreported plan is to do just that in the work of Education Minister Camille Lévesque. The determined psychiatrist and mass social therapist was the author of Bill 161, the

two—a situation that, outside Montreal, has led to a gradual withering of English schools. The Roman Catholic hierarchy is as strongly opposed as anglophone educators to abolition of religious schools. If the government does attempt to drag Quebec into the 20th century, the kicking and screaming will prove the depth of the divisions which, with each new generation, are institutionalized at age 5. —DAVID THOMAS

Ontario

As God was their witness

It had been a painful, often bitter trial, watched from all corners of the country by Canada's 60,000 Jehovah's Witnesses. The most controversial of the Witnesses' religious principles—the unconditional denial of blood transfusions—was being tested in a precedent setting case. At the centre of the controversy were the parents of a 10-year-old dead child and a family friend who were jointly charged with criminal negligence causing death. Last week the Crown was acquitted in Thursday Day, Ont., for lack of sufficient evidence, but their actions were described as reckless and the judgment was not in

favor of her life. First, they sought help from a faith healer in Winnipeg. Then they placed a call to California for a chemical blood substitute called Floceal. But at 7:30 the following morning Sam stopped breathing. She had been suffering from severe valve disease, her mother's anemia, a disease characterized by the destruction of oxygen-bearing red blood cells by white cells. Blood transfusions coupled with corticosteroids are the recommended treatment for the disease. But the Cyrennes would not consent to the blood transfusions and admitted Sam rather than see her become a ward of the Children's Aid Society as a result of this refusal.

When people in the northern Ontario mining town of Manitowish, where they lived, found out what the Cyrennes had done, life became miserable. Two weeks after Sam's death, Mrs. Cyrenne had to quit her job as a sales clerk in a local store after the women of the town circulated a petition demanding that she be fired or the store boycotted.

"Being a small community, we are very well known," says Mrs. Cyrenne. "It wasn't always easy to be walking down the streets with your heads up, but we did it, because we knew what we had done was the right thing and that we had done it out of our love."

That was not a factor for district court Judge Patrick Priddy when he acquitted the three last week saying that,

Laurin (left) faces other language

blame for Quebec in which language other than French are fast-track.

Meanwhile, parochial schools are still vigorously defended by both French and English Quebecers as their rightful protection against linguistic assimilation. And history provides both groups with ample ammunition to back up their arguments. Several times, British authorities attempted to anglicize French-Canadian through an English public school system, and it was to protect English-speaking Quebecers at the time of Confederation that a guarantee of religious schooling was inserted in the 1867 Act. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's controversial constitutional changes, the legality of which the Supreme Court of Canada is soon to pronounce, would require all provinces to provide schooling in both English and French—something the Laurin reform would not affect. At least not at first.

Laurin's very name is southern in many a neighborhood, who are now as potential practitioners of cultural destruction. Abolition of school boards would mean the end of 816 Catholic boards, all of them dominated by French-speaking members, and 33 Protestant boards, which are predominantly English-speaking. Unification under government administration would mean the end of anglophone autonomy in educa-



Now, the Cyrennes' parents have responsibility to provide for their children

tion taken to a significant step. It all started on the night of March 20, 1980. Witnesses Bernadette and Denise Cyrenne and Peter Coudre received an anonymous call from the arms of the Cyrennes' daughter Sam, who was in a blanket and, despite protests and a struggle with hospital staff, carried her out of Thousand Bay's McKillop General Hospital and into a waiting car, where paramedics in the day night traffic. For the next eight hours they stood guard over Sam in the home of a sympathetic Jehovah's Witness couple and desperately fought to

while the Cyrennes had acted recklessly in removing Sam from hospital, the Crown had failed to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that their actions had caused her death. He returned the next day to consider his judgment as encouragement that it now has legal right to refuse blood transfusions for children. Parents, he said, still have a responsibility to provide their children with the necessities of life, including medical treatment if their lives are endangered. But the case is likely to be fought again. Crown Attorney Dick Crouse says Ontario Attorney-General Roy



GET GROWING! with these FREE Gardening Guides

If you love beautiful flowers and plants, you'll love these brand-new Gardening Guides from Chatelaine.

Written by Canadian horticulturist, Fred Dale, these 48-page guides put years of gardening experience at your fingertips. And they can be yours FREE with a savings subscription to Chatelaine.

- Follow step-by-step growing instructions • Learn the latest methods for watering, weeding, pruning, and planting • Know the right soil, fertilizer and light your plants need • Identify and eradicate pests and diseases.

It's all here — the simple, do's and don'ts to successful gardening — plus dozens of helpful illustrations.

Indoors or out, city or country, novice or pro — you'll find Chatelaine's FREE Gardening Guides a harvest of down-to-earth knowledge and advice.

Keep growing with Chatelaine...and save!



Calculate the profit from your garden with Chatelaine's Indoor, 48-page guide. It's yours FREE with a 12 issue subscription to Chatelaine. Total 21 issues & 21 hours of back issue guides.

chatelaine Box 1940, Hazel Station, A, Mississauga, Ontario M2H 6A7

SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> PICK ONE FREE GUIDE | <input type="checkbox"/> GET 4 FREE ISSUES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 (save for \$12 issue PLUS) | <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 (save for \$12 issue PLUS) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Indoor Gardening Guide or | <input type="checkbox"/> Outdoor Gardening Guide or |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TAKE BOTH FREE GUIDES | <input type="checkbox"/> YOUR BEST BUY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 (save for \$12 issue PLUS) | <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 (save for \$12 issue PLUS) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BOTH FREE GUIDES \$1 | <input type="checkbox"/> BOTH FREE GUIDES \$1 |

☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Mr. ☐ First Name ☐ Last Name

Address Apt.

City Prov.

123121 (Send only in Canada) Postal Code

Chatelaine reg. \$1 per month copy, \$8 per year by sub.

McCarthy will decide whether to appeal it in order And before lower Glen Howe welcomed the possibility of an appeal. "It's true these men were settled in the Supreme Court of Canada. We've had 21 dead children handed back over the past 20 years" after doctors took them and gave them blood transfusions, so you don't mind if we are a little fed up with this!" —BENJAMIN WOODWARD

British Columbia

Brother, you can spare a dime



McCarthy: a Social Credit obsession

Making sure able-bodied layabouts aren't living off the public purse has always been a concern of an election with B.C.'s Social Credit government. Six years ago, Bill Vander Zanden, then the human resources minister, considered income supports to his clients. Gerry McCarthy, the current minister responsible for the \$251.6-million annual income assistance program, favors different tools. Beginning next month, welfare recipients considered able to work will find out in three monthly checks. Under the new rules single people and couples under 65 will get welfare for just one month at a time. If they don't apply they will be automatically cut off. Families get a slightly better break: they have four months to go before cutoff. "The new policies don't affect those people who cannot work, but emphasize that ongoing income assistance is not an option for people who can work," says McCarthy.

Perhaps Red critics in her ministry, leaving a ministerial at present, as some receive month by month, are saying the new standards are too broadly worded. Meanwhile, some 20,700 of the province's 64,000 recipients could be

considered employable under the new regulations. However, the handicapped, those over 65 and single parents with a child under six months (or a child with a handicap) will not be presumed to get a job. As for the rest, unless they be a good reason for not working it will be a case of find a job or empty over and over. "It's going to be a disaster," says Larry Davies, a worker with a community group in the run-down east side of the city. "There are 3,000 men down here [on sick leave] who might be considered eligible for work under these rules, but they have no education, poor health and many haven't worked for years. Who would hire them?"

For their part, employables will not be eligible for a recent out-of-living increase in welfare rates, and a single recipient will remain at \$200 a month including shelter. Still, McCarthy is offering some help to single parents with young children by providing \$250,000 to help establish new day-care facilities. Says Davies, "It's not enough. Most day-care centres have long waiting lists now." Owen Macneil, for example, in the 25-month-old single parent of a 25-month-old son and draws \$200 a month in welfare. Classified as employable, she will have to cut back by \$55 a month—and her son-bedroom apartment costs her \$250. "This means I'm going to lose one week's grocery money every month," she laments. "I don't have any skills to fall back on, there are no spaces available in day care."

Against the current of popular belief, the province's recent changes that few people want to stay on welfare. Figures indicate that 65 per cent of single recipients are off the rolls within two months of getting assistance, and the figure, statistically, is even higher. That the new policy is aimed only at the stubborn few who prefer to feed at the public trough. Unless that group can be clearly singled out, however, McCarthy says he has never met and the province is a disaster. —MALCOLM GRAY

Newfoundland

A sudden split in a united front

Was it age, jealousy or frustration? Here's how far apart and the province was split in the words for the weekend. But what was certain last week was that Leo Barry's decision from Tom Pickford had shattered the Newfoundland consensus on the issue of official talks with Ottawa over the control of rich off-shore oil finds. Although the abrupt Friday resignation of the 30-year-old energy min-



Barry Macpherson Pickford's consensus

ister was soon joined by his staffers and dissuading Ottawa, and all its works, the fact remained that Premier Pickford had lost his energy minister in two states as energy minister (1978-79 and 1979-81). Barry developed the South coast, and which Newfoundland plans to bring in its offshore oil wealth and was a leading spokesman for the province's position that the offshore was none of Ottawa's concern. The Dalhousie and Yale-trained lawyer with his deliberate, legatist intellect was one of the key Newfoundland players.

It may have been the crowd in the limelight that prompted the departure. Barry's letter to the premier cited Pickford's decision to have a non-member team handle the haggling with Ottawa, which starts next week. This approach, unlike the one of one Barry's style of talks, was "a fundamental difference in our style and philosophy of negotiation," Barry wrote. That was so much said as Barry would provide, and it offered Pickford an easy rebuttal. "This issue is larger than one man," intoned the premier, stating that Barry's decision was a risky response to being crowded off the stage.

Despite the ringing words snuffing Ottawa in resignation letter "I do not see any attempt to rig off the province." "I Barry may be abandoning what he thinks is a sinking ship Newfoundland's leverage with Ottawa in no country the equal of Alberta's. Another factor to be considered is that there is little loss between the two men. Barry placed a respectable third to Pickford in a 1979 race for the premier's job and in holding pragmatic, the premier takes after his incredibly resilient predecessor, Joey Smallwood. Whatever the reasons for the resignation, the federal role of the bargaining table is unlikely to be unscathed.

—RANDOLPH JONES

WORLD

Designs behind the diplomacy

Reagan fetes and flatters Begin in a bid to avoid a stunning defeat

By Michael Posner

Menachem Begin's reception in Washington last week was, on the face of it, a grand welcome. Publicly and privately the Israeli prime minister was praised repeatedly for his courage in making peace with Egypt. And among the protesters were some of Israel's staunchest critics—including Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger—as well as its friends within the Reagan administration. Of the recent Israeli raid on the Iraqi nuclear reactor near Baghdad, which the U.S. once damned at the United Nations, there was no mention. Nor did anyone raise the bombing of Beirut, which led to the very angry embargo of fighter jets to Israel. In recent of recent history, a stronger might have concluded that the man being courted through the capital under a tight security umbrella, last week was not Menachem Begin at all, but the leader of some other nation with whom the U.S. had never quarreled and to whom it was forever indebted.

State officials are made of such chances. The Americans know that Begin does not expect reconciliation to the diplomatic stick. In his mind it is now would only have provoked further resistance to American initiatives within the Camp David framework, and—more seriously—so to the proposed \$1.5-billion deal of sophisticated military hardware to Saudi Arabia. The Israelis are vigorously opposing the deal, contending the advanced warning and control system (AWACS) aircraft will be able to effectively paralyze their air force.



Begin with Reagan (above), and Begin: a cautious walking game



is a future Arab-Israeli war.

So Begin was flattered and fêted, and there was a good deal of talk about new strategic cooperation, all of it designed to restrain Jerusalem's criticism of the AWACS package and to avoid what would be a stunning political defeat for Reagan, a joint congressional resolution disapproving the sale. A majority of both houses is needed to block the

deal, and no resolution of disapproval has ever succeeded. At week's end, however, 44 members of the Senate had already declared their opposition, only seven short of a majority there.

The White House is taking it all in stride. Its own offensive on behalf of the AWACS is just getting started. There is a perception that this strong, only momentum against the sale may enable the U.S. to extract from Saudi Arabia some hard limits on the use of the computer-linked planes. Such concessions might permit the deal to go through and appease the Israelis.

Warm welcome notwithstanding, Begin's governing coalition, too, is playing all the angles. Thomas Donoh, director of Israel's principal lobby in Washington, the American-Israeli Public Affairs Committee, returned from Jerusalem a week ago to light the sale to the better end. Begin himself, while he was for the deal, was not so sure in public, made an impression on him against the attack deal in association with congressional leaders. He is even strong on newfound friendship with David Mervin, leader Jerry Falwell, hoping to convert Falwell's considerable influence on three conservative senators into positive votes in order to scuttler it.

Nor were Israeli diplomats overly impressed by Alexander Haig's rhetoric at the height of strategic cooperation. Defense Minister Ariel Sharon had arrived with a more comprehensive formula for joint military exercises, one that emphasized the positioning of several hundred American tanks and

other weapons on Israeli soil. Without such placements, the measures are unlikely to amount to more than a public relations exercise. The U.S. declined Kissinger's pleas, preferring to limit pre-positioning to Israeli supplies. This prompted Begin to go public with his pessimistic view of a formal U.S.-Israel alliance. It would, he said at Washington news conferences, cover Israeli air cover for U.S. military operations in the eastern Mediterranean, access to Israeli ports and airfields for American ships and planes, along with the stockpiling of U.S. equipment in Israel. American officials made qualified noises, but made much of the tentative nature of such a scheme.

There will, of course, be further discussions and possibly by a memorandum of intent or some flourish. But it is clear the Reagan administration does not wish to offend the Arab League or jeopardize its shaky anti-Soviet consensus on the region by getting too cozy with Jerusalem. As if to underscore the point, Begin himself flew off to Spain shortly after his final session with Begin to meet the Saudi Crown prince, Prince Fahd (see following story).

Indeed, the president and his advisers seem content to play a waiting game. They will let the Camp David autonomy talks resume as scheduled, ignoring the slowness of progress. And all the while they will keep their eyes fixed on the clock, watching it tick down to next April, when Israel formally orders its remaining Sinai territory to American hands. If nothing develops with that issue—always a large risk in the Middle East—both the U.S. and Egypt will be far better placed to dictate the future course of discussions, and Israel for its part will be in a weaker position to demand that Israel will push hard for some agreement with Sadat before the deadline. Afterward, it now seems inevitable, some Palestinian representation—perhaps the PLO—will emerge as a negotiator, and the peace negotiations are going to be ascribed an Israeli invitation to the game table. ☐

There you go, please accompanied by Begin and Begin. Ah, yes... moved in the hotel. Room 1001, I think?



Prince Fahd and Mitterrand 'Carnival de Gaulle's belated news'

France

Plus ça change . . .

I was, to all outward appearances, a brief, be-hum after. After parading in red trest and staffed chieftains weeked down with fruit juice, champagne, and a number of public appearances. The last event, presided over by a parliamentary regime, acknowledged it perfectly. But the aftermath of French Crown Prince Fahd the Abdul Amir's Paris lunch last week at the Elysée Palace promises to rumble through the levels of international diplomacy long after the news has been forgotten.

Fahd's mission was ostensibly to prepare President François Mitterrand's visit to Saudi Arabia at month's end—his first such visit since his election. But the little-to-do was also a pointer to concerted new moves by both sides: a fourth Middle East peace offensive being pushed by the Saudis to replace the floundering Camp David accords and a desperate attempt by the French to patch up relations with the Arab world.

The meeting was none too long. Mitterrand's May triumph as a pro-Israeli platform, in a country previously considered the Arab's European darling, sent tremors throughout the Muslim Middle East. He had inclusion of Communists in the cabinet further offended conservative agencies in the Arabian Gulf. Then, his nationalization program threatened, sometimes from within, the Saudis and others. A diplomatic disaster seemed imminent. But late last

month, a meeting was hastily arranged between Foreign Minister Claude Chaignon and Egyptian Liberation Movement chief Yasser Arafat. Aiding of hostages emerged from their 56-minute gulcher held in the neutral ground provided by Lebanese President Shafik al-Wazzan's Beirut apartment. And Chaignon left vehemently stated that there had been a shift in French policy. But he clearly seemed to mollify the Saudis, on whom the French have depended for more than 50 percent of their oil supplies since the Iraq war—and whose international balance they badly need to finance the Mitterrand government's economic reforms.

Last week Fahd extended that Chaignon's Middle East tour "irrevocably" to Riyadh—and there was a subtle sign of relief. Mitterrand's opening trip to Riyadh—on which, some believe, France's economic future could well hang—had required the not French advance in central to may reach from French support for Fahd's seven-point "new plan for peace." The plan was announced, not coincidentally, at the same moment that Egypt's President Anwar Sadat was saying his Arabic will President Ronald Reagan. The Saudis have long resented Sadat's attempts to assume the leadership of the Middle East. Now they are preparing to take their own political power initiative—and it already has FRO breaking.

Meanwhile, prospects for a state visit by Mitterrand to Saudi Arabia are in the back burner. That has happened despite the fact that during the election campaign France's 700,000 Jewish voters were led to expect it would be his first trip abroad. To many observers, French and Saudi leaders are beginning to take on a startling resemblance to the old. —STEVEN MCPHERSON

Egypt

The 'electric shock' treatment

The outbreak of anger was as startling as the earlier tumultuous events. Like a man possessed, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat berated the American press for "distorting the image of Egypt abroad." But his display of anger, during a news conference last week at his home village in the Nile delta, only heightened speculation over the real motives behind his toughest purge of opponents in 11 years in office. The operation has nearly 1,600 religious and political leaders seized and arrested, 600 more than in the last major crackdown—a nationwide sweep that followed the food riot in 1977.

This time Sadat's measures were draconian. Critics charged that they violated Egypt's rights to democracy. Not so, declared Sadat. "Democracy is flourishing," he told his surprised as-



Sadat berating journalists and not police, silencing 'nations and nations'



sembly. Further, he said, "The electric shock" was necessary to counter student activists by "nations and nations." The truth probably lies between these opposing views. For months Sadat has been increasingly irritated by domestic attacks on his long-proposed policy peace with Israel and a close relation-

ship with the U.S. Domestic critics have grown louder since Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin's re-election in June, and with Begin back in power, Sadat knew that the second part of the Camp David accord—the autonomy process—is a dead letter.

As a result, he has pressed his hopes

Bogeyman defanged

Britain's prime political bogeyman, Yitzhak Rabin, stepped onto the stage at Blackpool's Pavilion Theatre last week to make his first public bid for power. But far from revealing bloodstained fangs, he displayed such soft-spoken reasonableness that his rivals for the post of deputy to Labour Party leader Michael Foot were left looking like seagulls in a country fair. The occasion was the first appearance on the same platform of the three ex-candidates, who have been squaring off for months the left-wing, neo-conservative, and right-wing leadership. Rabin, who meets a party leadership committee "conveniently" to the rank and file and a full-blooded socialist program for the next election, the incumbent, former chancellor of the exchequer Denis Healey, and John Birt, a former articulator, meeting with the Rabin group on national nuclear disarmament and pulling out of the European Community.

Their so-called debate—no speech given, followed by questions from the floor—was the only event to strike sparks from the annual convention of the Trades Union Congress (TUC) in this beach northern seaside resort. One reason is that Britain's organized labor is under siege from recession-induced unemployment and Thatcherite hard-borne. At the same time, the TUC has lost 300,000 out of 12.1 million members in the past year—the worst drain since the 1947-1948 aftermath of the General Strike in 1926. Rabin, delegates made

the week. They voted for the Birtie ticket on basing nuclear bases from Britain and rejected Foot's plan for party reform. But it was the Birtie-Healey clash (Birt is given only an outside chance) that induced 1,000 delegates to pay \$1.25 a head to pack the Pavilion Birtie, who shed his peacock in 1963, was greeted with rapturous cheers as he spoke of his vision of the future for the working man and, eyes rolling with pained severity, denied his campaign for "parliamentary democracy" was "infatigable, trivial or divisive"—epithets heaped on it last week by Foot. In his turn, Healey was heckled as he accused his chief rival of "blackguarding" former cabinet colleagues—Birt has consistently argued that recent Labour governments have been seduced by high office and discouraged from implementing truly socialist policies.

Meanwhile, Roy Hattersley, shadow home secretary, predicted that if Birt were elected at the Labour party conference Sept. 27, "We would be crani-

impairing our prospects of victory in the next general election." Indeed, Labour's establishment is concerned that Birt's election would send voters racing to drink—as do Labour now have already done—in the emerging Social Democratic Party. As a result, further hard lobbying will take place in union back rooms before the party conference in Brighton. Present fast-bullet calculations show Healey well ahead, but the million-plus votes of the powerful transport workers' union alone could swing the result in the runoff that is set to follow the dissolution of Birtie.

Birt, sporting a transport worker's green tie last week, can draw comfort from his platform message. But he frightens too many of his would-be brothers to be confident of victory. As a letter-writer to the London Standard remarked, "unhappy referring to Birt's recent '100 per cent' recovery from a neurological illness." It's that one per cent that's worrying him.

—CAROL KINKEAD

Birt, Healey and Rabin: hucksters of a country fair



Troika. A Caviar of Vodkas.

TROIKA
PREMIUM
VODKA

on the return of the remaining strip of Israeli-occupied Sinai territory, due next April. But even there the Egyptian government is nervous. As a Western analyst put it, "Sadat suspects that Begin would like to avoid handing back the Sinai if he could. Domestic trouble in Egypt could provide the excuse. That's why Sadat has to act tough now."

Whatever his motives, the main element in Sadat's carefully planned crackdown was a state take-over of the nation's 40,000 privately owned mosques. The mosques had provided fundamentalist preachers with an ideal stage from which to demand an end to dealings with "the crusader West" and a return to the stephite values of Islam. Sermons delivered at traditional Friday morning prayers had won a wide following in recent months. And nowhere was that more notable than among students and state-dwellers in the desert of Alexandria—and in Cairo, where riots between Muslims and Coptic Christians last June killed 56 people. In the future, sermons will be vetted and delivered by government-approved clerics.

Ironically, reaction abroad was tougher than at home. Two major demonstrations apart, Sadat's 41 million fellow countrymen seemed unimpressed and 99.5 per cent of voters approved the crackdown in a referendum. Among the most appreciative onlookers were the nation's 4.5 million Christian Copts, despite the exile of their pope, Shenouda III, to the Wadi Natrun monastery.

A more accurate assessment of the fierce resentment among Sadat's political opponents was rendered impossible by his closure of virtually every opposition publication. He also included in the roundup some of his most influential critics, most notably, internationally respected journalist Mohamed El-Khal, a former confidant of Sadat's predecessor, Gamel Abdel Nasser. At week's end another journalist felt the sting of Sadat's displeasure. U.S. TV correspondent Chris Harper, 38, was expelled for comparing Sadat to the late Shah of Iran, a parallel Sadat rejects, as do most observers in Cairo.

Romantic woes and Islamic revivalism clearly pose medium-term threats to Sadat's regime. But in the immediate future there is no serious challenge. His sudden suppression of his domestic critics was a result of his determination to ensure that Israel disgorge the last chunk of captured Egyptian territory. As Sadat sees it, the reinstatement of Egyptian sovereignty over the entire Sinai will be a personal triumph and a vindication of the much-maligned Camp David treaty. If his image as a man of peace had slipped last week, it was a price he was prepared to pay for that triumph.

—EMMA SOAMES

U.S.A.

Disquiet on the southern front

The U.S. considers sanctions against Canada



Town (above) Sharp, and U.S.-bound cars "finger-twisting" in Washington



By William Lowther

It was a case of threatening without quite revealing the big stick. Last week, the Reagan administration set out to step up its trade pressures on Canada. A series of thinly veiled warnings of economic sanctions were made, apparently in the hope of forcing Ottawa to modify its Canadianization of the energy industry.

The campaign was passionately executed. On Tuesday, Peter Town, ambassador to the United States, was officially informed that President Reagan had asked what sanctions he might take in retaliation for the programs, which are seen in Washington as "unworkable." On Thursday, The Washington Post ran a front-page story quoting Raymond Waldmann, assistant secretary of commerce for international economic policy, as saying that while Reagan "was not trying to act as a big



brother" the administration is indeed "finger-twisting."

And the pressure did not stay there. At week's end the commerce department was preparing a questionnaire for the executives of the *Forbes* 500 companies asking them what problems they have had with the Canadian government. The aim is to compile a dossier that Reagan can use to justify any sanctions that he orders. Not only that, a senior U.S. government official was visiting cities from Victoria to Ottawa this week, informing leading businessmen and politicians of the "serious concerns" of the United States and assuring them of Reagan's readiness to "act tough." In an attempt to defuse the issue before he does so, diplomats from both countries were trying to take advantage of the presence of Trudeau and Reagan this week in Grand Rapids, Mich., for the opening of the Gerald Ford Library, to arrange a get-together.

The newspaper story, which hinted that the U.S.-Canada auto pact might be scrapped, caused a stir in the diplomatic community. Many believed it was a "plant"—a deliberate leak by the administration to redouble the warning it had already sent to Ottawa. But there were no leaks from the other side, and the usually accessible Towe said that he would not be available for interviews for at least two weeks. "We prefer to discuss these problems in the informal and confidential manner that has been traditional between the two countries," he said.

It was no coincidence that Canada's northern pipeline concern, Mitchell Sharp, was in Washington during the flap, talking with the administration about construction of the Alaska Highway gas pipeline. Before leaving he told correspondents that officials had assured him they saw "no essential" between the NIP and the 1,600-km, \$60-billion project, into which Canada has already sunk \$1.5 billion. But if the pipeline is to go ahead, Congress will have to approve private financing that full that will require strong support from Reagan and from the very conservatives on Capitol Hill that lately have been condemning the NIP and what they consider discrimination against U.S. business by the Petro-Canada Investment Review Agency (PIRA).

"If Mitchell Sharp really believes that the pipeline will not be linked in some way to the current problems then he is out of touch," says Charles Dorn, director of Canadian studies at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. By and large, says Dorn, current economics are all wrong for the pipeline. If Canada-U.S. relations "haven't gotten so far out of hand there would have been a chance for it. Right now, it might be going nowhere."

Dorn, who is in close touch with administration officials involved with Canadian affairs, added that the develop-

ments of the week constituted a "new low" in affairs between the two countries. "In the past the United States was always very careful about the tone of its relationship with Canada," he said. But now that has changed, and things could get very ugly unless cooler heads prevail.

But that hope appears unlikely. Dorn feels that "the United States is in a position right now where it is willing to hurt itself in order to respond to Towe's program." As it would if it scrapped the auto pact. And he is not alone. Wilfrid Armstrong, a former U.S. diplomat and one of a group of experts who recently produced a study of bilateral affairs for the Atlantic Council, said that if the Reagan administration did not react "in some fashion to the NIP and PIRA it's going to look like a paper tiger—and that is not an animal it has any interest in remembering."

In Ottawa, officials are no less firmly set. A senior official at External Affairs asserted that Canada had already gone quite a long way to answer U.S. concerns. "On the other hand, what have the Americans done so far lately? The pipeline is in doubt, and raw materials usage. It's the same old story." But it did not sound that way.

With Jim from Robert Lewis in Ottawa.

Behind closed rectory doors

When it first appeared on U.S. fiction best-seller lists early this summer, *The Cardinal* was a book with a hard cover exposing the bare back of a woman sitting on beds of crimson cloth—was dismissed by many North American Roman Catholic theologians. They deemed it nothing more than a fanciful, sensational account of what goes on behind closed rectory doors. Its off-color subject, Rev. Andrew M. Greeley, a priest once as comfortable as the Twilight Zone as in the pulpit, was dismissed by fellow clerics for the sexually



Cardinal Cody: a question of fair trade

explicit pot holder. Who could believe a priest that portrayed the cardinal of the archdiocese of Chicago as a man who, among other things, kept a mistress (who claimed she was his cousin although she was his blood relative)? The faithful, the portrait was made even more unlikely by the fact that the fictional cardinal was being investigated by the Internal Revenue Service for shady financial dealings.

Last week, however, the lines between fact and fiction became curiously blurred. John Cardinal Cody—for 18 years the spiritual head of Chicago's 2.5 million Catholics (the largest archdiocese in the U.S.)—was discovered to be under investigation by a federal grand jury for "improper diversion" of close to \$4 million (U.S.) in tax-exempt church funds. A 30-page copyright article in the Chicago Sun-Tribune, which broke the story, also alleged that the 70-year-old cleric had spent \$100,000 in 1970 to build a ranch-style, Boca Raton, Fla.,

explicit pot holder. Who could believe a priest that portrayed the cardinal of the archdiocese of Chicago as a man who, among other things, kept a mistress (who claimed she was his cousin although she was his blood relative)? The faithful, the portrait was made even more unlikely by the fact that the fictional cardinal was being investigated by the Internal Revenue Service for shady financial dealings.

For the U.S. grand jury the question was one of faith and morals, but of possible tax abuse. Federal law prohibits tax-exempt funds from being spent to enrich—improperly—any individual. One man, however, who stands to gain from the controversy is Greeley, whose book was doing rapid business last week in Chicago and New York, shoring up its No. 9 spot on the best-seller lists. Not surprisingly, Greeley kept a low profile, apparently content to leave the last word—and the moral problem—to *The Good Book*, which carries this cryptic disclaimer: "The book, then, is story, not history or biography (or perhaps only) satirography. It is nonetheless true."

—JANE O'HARA

BUSINESS

Overloading the circuits

Hydro-Quebec power struggles signal new strategies



Jones, tighter than a burning wafflecoat

When Hydro-Quebec was rushing to build 30 nuclear reactors along the St. Lawrence River in the mid-1970s, a young financier named Guy Jones was the sharpest thorn in the huge behemoth's side. A former member of the National Assembly, Jones was at the time in the vanguard of the province's antinuclear movement. He had warned that if Hydro-Quebec resumed nuclear the province would meet more economic realities than church pews. Hydro-Quebec charged blithely ahead—dismissing Jones as a marginal ecology crusader and ignoring even the antinuclear policy of the then Liberal government of Robert Bourassa. But last week the giant utility's nuclear proponents were coming in anticipation of an unlikely twist: Jones's likely nomination as their new president.

The post became vacant when the current president, Robert Boë, a fervent advocate of atomic energy, announced his premature retirement—a resignation widely attributed to irreconcilable differences with Parti Qué-

bécois energy policy. Significantly, it was the very next day that Energy Minister Yves Duhamel announced that Quebec would change Hydro-Quebec's refusal to guarantee long-term sales of power to the U.S. The minister said that the province was open to proposals for financing an accelerated dam-building program, whose energy would be reserved exclusively for U.S. buyers for up to 15 years.

But now not only the high-level official to desert Hydro-Quebec recently. Two other senior executives also quit this summer in apparent protest against tightening political controls, which would undermine the utility's reputation in financial markets. The consequences of such a development is as troubling matter: Hydro-Quebec's \$18 billion in assets make it the largest corporation—and one of the largest corporate taxpayers—in Canada. In the past, all the utility's profits were reinvested, but proposed provincial legislation would convert Hydro-Quebec from an autonomous Crown corporation to a capital enterprise, whose assets would be held by the ministry of finance. The financially averse government could then order Hydro-Quebec to hand over \$1.2 billion in dividends during the next five years.

As a politician appointed to Hydro-Quebec's presidency would be the final flourish of what had been viewed as a state-within-a-state. For Jones, too, it would bring personal revenge. In 1977, when he was minister of energy, he announced a comprehensive energy policy, which included a moratorium on Hydro-Quebec's nuclear expansion. That measure was publicly denounced by the outgoing Robert Bourassa government before last April's provincial election, physically and emotionally worn by his fight with Boyd and the utility—which was created in 1962 by nationalizing private power companies. The government at the time was acting on the recommendation of the Liberal national resources minister, René Lévesque. Now the Lévesque government is counting what amounts to a second state takeover of Hydro. —DAVID THOMAS

Greeley's book, and Cody (left) with Pope Paul VI and Wilson (behind Pope) in 1967



Andrew M. Greeley

Ronald and the Golden Fleece

Those clattering round the president's sickbed seem to agree only on the symptoms. Interest rates are dropping; the stock and bond markets, keys to economic recovery in the U.S.—and Canada—are positively fabled. Wall Street has signalled its faithfulness in the economic policies of President Ronald Reagan by letting a 15-month low. Increasingly, "supply-side" monetarism seems to be reinforcing rather than curing North American economic distress. Over the past few months, while Republicans and Democrats squabble over whether to apply fiscal (such as monetarist) legerdemain, a third voice has been belling the cat.



Lesman applying monetarist legerdemain

the bean around the sickbed, arguing for what amounts to a return to faith healing. A small but very influential group including Budget Office Director David Stockman, neoconservative Congressman Jack Regan, Arthur Laffer (the economist who developed the now-famous tax cut curve) and businessman Lewis Lesman are urging Reagan to rethink the gold standard.

Reaganists argue that the old dollar-based gold standard is the wave of the future. Making the U.S. dollar convertible to gold at a fixed price, they argue, would restore these intangibles that are crucial to economic health: confidence and discipline. Terms gold analyst and gold-standard enthusiast John Regan, vice-president of Pritchard McKay Ross Ltd., explains the move in terms of taking government dollars off the job and returning all power to the money markets. There, he insists, lies the demand for the golden become or how worthy the social service requirements, "there would be no more paper money without sufficient gold to back it."



Fort Knox (above), gold reserves; pouring into the buzz around the sickbed



The subject is currently under study by the year-old U.S. Gold Commission. And members of the group have been a bewildering array of proposals for administering the "gold cure." They include using gold in U.S. international payments, issuing gold-denominated government bonds at two to five per cent interest rates, and requiring the Federal Reserve Board to link currency and credit to a fixed percentage of gold reserves. Because of internal controversy, the commission's October report is expected to be preliminary, with final recommendations due early in 1982. But Reagan is reportedly half-sworn already. Virtually any other tactic he can use to make good his election promises in the private sector and control the U.S. economy—such as trimming defense spending, wage-price controls or money supply (thereby raising interest rates further)—now seems politically infeasible. Caught by the fast-deepening contradictions of a balanced budget on one hand and a trillion-dollar-plus defense program on the other, Reagan makes off the commission's days of deliberation on his Coors

snack—the face of which is a \$20 gold piece. Talk of taking hold from the gold reserves of Fort Knox (a quarter of the West's entire hard) seems ironically dead vs. It has been exactly a decade since President Richard Nixon suspended the U.S. dollar—effectively taking the rest of the world's currencies free to float—on the understanding that gold was causing some of the same problems that gold bulls now say it could solve. The troublemaker article reduction (boost by military spending in Vietnam), massive deficits and the drain of U.S. dollars to European banks baffling dollars.

For a new instant to restore faith, the gold standard has a flowering branch of slogans. Says Wall Street economist Jim Solloway of Angus Research Corp., "It's nostalgic and simplistic." Furthermore, a U.S. gold standard would inflate its trading partners. For Canada (despite its position as the world's third-largest gold producer), the move could cause severe inflation.

Last week, while Bank of Canada and World Bank officials declined to ex-

amine the preliminary U.S. dollar standard, the price of gold rose by 10 points, moving in the opposite direction to the dollar. Observed Peter Gavett, senior vice-president of Guardian Trust Company in Toronto, "The U.S. would be unable to adopt the gold standard. If you catch gold in the wrong price you'd either create wilder inflation [overly easing in their gold, forcing the Fed to print more money] or else hyperinflation [overly tightening in dollars and draining gold reserves]." But to catch the right price requires a stable and disciplined economic environment. In other words, to adopt the gold standard, the U.S. must regain economic health first. If gold is a cure, it's only for the wrong.

—VAL BROS

Cleaning up its act

Senior officials at the British chemical company Alkath & Wilson Ltd. may have thought it was a triumph when they spotted the Newfoundland government at barred in the *Financial Times* of London back in the early 1960s. Blinded by euphoria over its Churchill Falls power deal with Quebec, the province was trumpeting worldwide an offer of cheap industrial electricity—all part of the glorious heyday of development in the boom years of former premier Joey Smallwood. The rate of 14¢ per kilowatt-hour, which seemed so trailblazing to the British parent company of Iron Industries Ltd. (Electric Reduction Company of Canada), was not a surprise but a fierce snub. It was a 30-year contract.

By 1969, \$40-million ERCO plant for producing elemental phosphorus had started up 300 km northwest of St. John's at Long Harbour, Pleasant Bay. It wasn't long, however, before Gold and Silver and other light elements appeared in the water. These and the grey clouds of phosphorus pentoxide and fluorides flowing from the stacks came to symbolize in Smallwood's letters what they seemed to be in the local politics: pollution of St. John's region. Today Smallwood is out of office, but ERCO lives. What is more, the public politics that served as a political passing bag for a decade is creeping up its act and is reappearing regularly at the Long Harbour plant with the aid of a \$17-million department of regional economic expansion (ERCO) grant.

Though ERCO Operations Manager Stuart Chalmers was not admitted a direct competitor, the company's new responsibility is traceable to a deal struck two years ago with the Newfoundland government. Making phosphorus requires a lot of electricity, and when ERCO started



ERCO plant, Chalmers: blinded by euphoria in the small pool of newspapers



up it had a contract for 26 million kilowatt power until 1992. Even before the energy crunch, it was costing Newfoundland and Labrador Hydro 15¢ per kilowatt to find ERCO the power. Since the corporation was paying 66¢ per kilowatt of energy a year, the effective provincial subsidy soared into the millions. As the

subsidies of two Progressive Conservative administrations became more draconian, ERCO agreed late in 1979 to revise the agreement, which the government says will save Newfoundland \$146 million over the 13 years.

Further, as part of a new role as a good corporate citizen, ERCO is investing in emission control systems to reduce pollution levels. A change of ownership may partly explain the change in attitude. Alkath & Wilson sold out to U.S.-based Tennessee Inc. in 1979. But the real answer probably lies in the need for greater efficiency. The plant has consistently produced below capacity, making only sixth or seventh, instead of fourth in the world. But it's improving—and what's good for the balance sheet is also good for the berries. While local boats still fish only outside the harbor, wild farts fished by Florida, a byproduct of the ERCO process, are once again safe to eat.

—RANDOLPH JONES

Two out and Baches loaded

Now working in the volatile stockholding industry experts graminized job security. But for brokers with the past New York-based Bache Group Inc. the rate-bility uncertainties intrude even before the daily opening of the market. Less than two years ago, during the Nelson Barker Hunt silver fiasco, rumors of the firm's imminent collapse took weeks to subside. Greater agitation ensued during last year's protracted take-over attempts by Vancouver's Boleberg family. It was an unsettling period for Bache employees, and it was capped by an even more dramatic upheaval: the \$300-million (U.S.) take-over last June by the Prudential Insurance

Company of America

These events, plus, however, in comparison to the threat now facing the Bache operation in Canada. A ruling by the Toronto Stock Exchange (TSE) last week could put Bache's Halifax, St. John's and other branches. The company was informed that 100 regulations forbade the ownership of brokerage houses by financial institutions such as insurance companies—even though such linkages are now common in the U.S. An appeal is scheduled this week before the Ontario Securities Commission. But if the TSE upholds the TSE's policy of keeping financial institutions at arm's length, it will mean Bache's Halifax, St. John's and other branches 1982—will either be forced to split off from the U.S. parent or be delisted from the exchange. Bache seems to have survived the worst, only to be run over by a structure. —ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM



A brooding vision

In his prime, artist Christopher Pratt explores the darker end of the spectrum

By Ann Johnston

If Christopher Pratt, as a friend once suggested, works as an *self-control* as others worship God, he seemed to be doing *bad-day* as the altar this fall, working salvation in the darkness of his studio. With a host of clean brushes to soothe him, the artist painted the after vertical line at his easel, as though he believed that hearts and eyes could be saved by the blessing of a tidy substructure. In his pristine, gray workroom on the banks of Newfoundland's Salmon River, there was only one hint that this was a man who had more on his mind than verticals and horizontal. It was a small, and photograph of Judy Garland—a woman who had battled for control, and lost—and it was tucked in a warring on the wall (later that night Pratt awoke from a nightmare he hadn't suffered since

childhood. Then he realized that the only truly configurations he was blessed with were the ones he constructed in his studio. For the first time in almost two decades he was losing control. "I took the intense test of my life," he says, his blue eyes gray, "and it came out the wrong color."

At 41, Christopher Pratt is fighting hard to tighten his grip again. He is entering one of the most critical periods of his life, and he is facing a transition that threatens to darken what is already a brooding, menacing vision. In the spectrum of Canadian painting, he has always occupied the most somber regions. His unadorned expanses of sea and sky and his subliminal planes of displaced before the boardrooms of the nation, has collectively that basement walls and end doors have been negatively about the smoothest marble marble. Pratt's strange hypnotic vision, "perfect in the eyes," according to one critic,

have the blue-chip art eagerly claiming space between the Rapheles and the Givolis—even before the paint has been laid. In the dark, somber, somber Pratt is the dark somber circle of contemporary Canadian painting. And art lovers willingly fish deep into their pockets for as much as \$70,000 to secure an oil-on-canvas painting—his paintings probably 150 pieces a year.

But Pratt is not resting easily on his pillows these days. Next month the rambling clapboard house on the Salmon River will be polioed. The studio will be destroyed, and Pratt and his wife, Mary, will leave their isolated haven of 16 years for a large four-story house on one of St. John's busiest streets. With the move, Pratt will be wrenching himself from the shelter of Salmon, the site of all his personal and struggles, but also, in a figurative sense, the shelter of Mary, who nurtured him through it all. Now emerging to one of

Canada's finest artists with artistic demands of her own, Mary Pratt is becoming both an emotional and professional threat to her husband. For Pratt, who was once so distracted by the accidental scenes of domestic life that he looked on outdoor enterprises through his studio wall—and whose wife understood—the room to St. John's has been a room of nightmares. What haunts him in the middle of the night is a vision of himself trapped between two houses, it reflects the adhering sense of restlessness that is bringing chaos into his world of geometric order. It's as though he has been doing at the wheel of his own senses, lulled by the years of things being fine, and has now awoken with a start to find himself heading back to the same place he fled at 27. At that time, he was on the verge of cracking up and his physician warned him that he was almost ready for "another kind of doctor."

Pratt was ready to explain how he got to Salmon. He learned in the town an art curator of Memorial University and set up house with Mary and their three children—there was once a fourth—in his father's abandoned summer place, where on a good night he could watch the salmon jump from the strong room window. For a man who has never for a drop of liquor, and has only visited New York City twice, leaving quickly both times because he "couldn't go around a corner without taking it with me," Salmon was a place where the only reason he was there was that the sea would rise and that his and his wife would make grass. "It's an accident that I live here," he declares, staring suddenly at the river. "This is a geographic accident for me, not that his psychologically laid a glove, it goes on evidence."

No accident at all. But neither is the construction crew, hammering frantically at the shelter of St. John's house. What possibly could have persuaded Pratt to desert his 250-acre common for the paternity of bricks? "I wouldn't want to go to the experience I actually regret this move," he begins stammering, "but this step is necessary, not only in concerning my health, but the step is necessary in very clear after years of isolation. Pratt wants to prove that he is not a housebound flower, too fragile for the modern world. It is not the sort of challenge he would have chosen on his

own, but it has always been understood that Salmon was a temporary arrangement and now, with all the children in their own homes or away at school and Mary more involved with her own career, some private alarm clock has gone off, signaling that the illusion is over. "I would call it an emergency," says Pratt carefully. "We want to be somewhere from what is obviously a pleasant sanctuary, but which we fear is somehow a trap."

For many years Salmon was anything but a trap. This was the place that created Pratt through the slow reformation of the first year, that had the reporter from *Time* calling him an eight-year-old in 1964 about the trend on Pratt's doorstep. This was to Salmon that Mrs. Godard, then from Mon-



"Front" (1980) wife and rooms with their artistic analysis exposed

treil's prodigious Godard Locket Gallery arrived, followed by a trail of criticism to see the New York version of Walter Pato, and the older-sized young man who painted somewhat like Chagall, only older.

In all the years the newest day Pratt was served was from the past, as the house was home to their typewriters stuffed with with Mary's handmade bread and tasted on taking him with the rubber-biter, maple and otherwise. "Because Pratt paints things people recognize, they make that mistake," says Michael Greenwood, art curator at York University. "Nothing could be more misleading. He's a metaphysical painter, concerned with defining qualities of experience rather than portraying specific objects or events. His work is as abstract as Mondrian." John

Reedley Maps, an artist for *The Globe and Mail*, remarks at the confusion: "It's almost as hard to work in with those of Ken Danby." Still, if the realist tag has been a red herring, it hasn't done Pratt's pocketbooks any harm. He says that he isn't "Black Jaguar, haunted by teenyboppers waiting their leaders autographed." But for an ever-growing crowd, this intense Newfoundland in Mack Jagger was a three-day symposium rolled into one. For more than 10 years Pratt has been a hard-core Peter Bell, a St. John's artist who succeeded Pratt in the Montreal gallery post, says, "I was very worried when Mira got hold of Christ that his work was going to end beyond the reach of any ordinary gallery, that all his painting would be lost to wealthy families and individual collectors and would be used as a social use." So worried was he, in fact, that during the '80s he asked Pratt's father if he would consider buying his work as a donor and donating it to some small Maritime gallery, while the senior Pratt agreed, it was too late—Peter Bessieff had already carried it home. But even the Bessieffs can only hope to hang one or two Pratts over their wall-mounted masterpieces. Like some basement window must armed with a bag of rocks, Godard runs down a formidable list of corporate, private and public collectors, bringing up her goodies as prizes, snatching under her breath, "Thank God for the police!" And even these few small editions, which Greenwood describes as having "the most extraordinary precision, like the finest of machine engineering," and which sell for \$5,000 apiece, disappear quickly. The eagerness to hang his work is so great, Newfoundlanders, attempting purchase by proxy the few prints the artist sends for a gallery in St. John's. "His images brand themselves into people's memories," says Peter Hay, managing director of Godard's Toronto gallery. "They tend to come back again and again, saying, 'I can't get that damned thing out of my head.' They end up haunted by the image the same way we was."

What haunts Pratt is his own existence—all the doors he has passed through and all the ones yet to come, including death. "It's a steady, arrogant and selfish business of researching your



Pratt on Dry Fly: a man with more on his mind than just horizontals and verticals



House at Peth End? (1977): a house of despair beset by claustrophobia

own humanity, as if your own insights were somehow worth recording or important enough to be shared," he recalls. For weeks, months and, in some cases, years, he will carry in his back pocket tiny images the size of postage stamps. They are outer landscapes that correspond somehow to his inner landscape—a basement wall with a slit of sun (*Showerwest Place*), a summer porch out of season, facing the sea (*Coburn's*), a polished trunk in an attic (*Twelve*). When he is finally ready to take them on, they are worried at, pared, whittled, polished until they become the geometrical equation of some mental or emotional precedent. "He is not a loving or enhancing person," says Mary. "It's a philosophical, intellectual exercise."

Months of lonely, frustrated hours are punctuated at the end with only the most tawdry of rewards. "An intense flunk, two or three moments of satisfac-

tion, of thinking maybe it isn't bad." Then, every two or three years there are the two or three nights of a show when you're the centre of attention. But for those close to Pratt, the rewards hardly seem worth it. "When he is working he is apart all the time," says Mary. "I sometimes wonder why he paints, because he certainly doesn't get much pleasure from it. I've considered telling him to take a break, but I don't think he can."

Peter Bell says he has often wondered whether Pratt's works aren't a "fulfilment of a nightmare." But that would be only a half-truth. Some full-nightmares and some full dreams, and all are laid vivid metaphors. *House at Peth End*, an imposing clayboard house edged by an ink sky, embodies Pratt's despair five years ago over his son John's operations for cancer, Mary's miscarriage of twins and the death of a



East? (1978-79): recurring nightmares

friend—"an attrition that still almost gets to me physically." Three years later, in *Wolf Passing West*, Pratt transcribed a sense of optimism as the sun disappeared—this time with sunset playing over the wall like scales on a grand piano.

"Pratt can get away with painting walls and empty rooms when nobody else can," says Mary. "Their nerve en-

signs are exposed. His rooms are suffused with something that oscillates between being a radiant void and just plain void, and there is an incredible sense that if you leached them they would cry out." Even Pratt, who has filled his home with his own prints—at both knee and eye level in the dining room—admits, "Personally, I find my paintings too tough to live with." Greenwood, for one, is not surprised. "Very few would have the courage to venture into the emotional and mental wilderness he does."

It was in the crumble of a disordered childhood that Pratt found his courage. It is an experience that he still finds painful to discuss. Asked if he was unhappy growing up, he stares taciturnly at his sneakers and says, "If I had to choose between the first half of my life and the second, there is no doubt in my mind that I would choose the second." Mary is much blunter. "The reason for Christopher's passion for order



Mary and Christopher: approaching a confrontation with the demons outside

softly, "confidence that comes with its arms around you." From their wedding day on, Mary's arms wound around him, guiding him to the Glasgow School of Art, comforting him through the disastrous years back in St. John's and supporting him in the move to Salmonville. Raised in the sheltered trap of Presbyterianism, Mary was willing to provide the "comfort and indulgence" she felt Christopher needed. She would willingly chop through ice for water, pick him out of her children's hair and put up with four-day power failures in his backwater paradise. The locals, watching her head into the woods in her Black Watch kilt to sketch, were sure she was a witch. But Mary was establishing a cocoon where the steady snow well measured, she was poised five times a day and nobody blinked when her "Till" threw the old tidings at his studio wall. Over the years, she kept the paradise functioning while he flung off to see his dealer, go to the Canada Council or left with the children for his annual sabbatical on his beloved 48-foot yacht, *Dry Fly*. But it was Christopher who phoned home every night he was away—a call, Mary explains, "to make sure we're not going to escape. He has to keep his watchtowers so that he will know his place in the universe." At home he hovers over his children, taking their emotional pulses almost as frequently as he takes his own. "Are you sure you're all right, Ned?" he whispers into the darkness bedroom of his 17-year-old son. And buried in his stories is a poem for the times he has waited: *When you come/then I will have heard/you stop a thousand*



'Cottage' (1973): images that brand themselves into a memory

is the total chaos of his childhood, an absolute horror story. His parents were kind and generous, but they were undisciplined. Like a blue-blonded Newfoundland (his maternal side arrived in the 1700s), Pratt grew up in St. John's surrounded by family. Most of his relatives were entrepreneurs, and his first seven years were spent living beneath two of his uncles in a cheerful basement flat. Later his family moved in next to two uncles in a house on the same street where he will settle again next month. "I am frightened by the associations I have with Waterford Bridge Road," he admits. "There was a lot of alcoholism on both sides of the family, and I saw lives disrupted and ruined, which is why, at the ripe old age of 17, I thought, 'Tiddy, the best thing for you is to put up with the ghies for a few years and just not try this.'"

But Mary was just about the only thing Pratt hadn't tried by the time he met Mary West, the daughter of a New Brunswick attorney-general, at Mount Allison University. He had dropped engineering, quit premed, toiled with the idea of writing and was being coaxed by Professor Laurence Harris Jr. to take up art. What finally tempted Pratt to take up Harris' appeal was watching contractor Alex Golvile. "There he was, walking to church in his nice grey suit with all his children, which was reassuring to a lad from Newfoundland. It said you could be the real McCoy and still be a middle-class Joe."

The one who dined it was Mary West. She was a painter herself, but "her confidence expressed the way a young fellow understands," says Pratt

times heard those apocryphal stories about the ground/then to know/for the first time the sound.

Now, more than ever before, it is Christopher doing the waiting, and he feels part artist, part sacker. After years of being deferred to, he has insisted that she have the prime studio in the new house, taking the dearest basement for himself, a decision Mary calls "almost anachronistic." But with the new balance of power still shifting, this may be one of the career compromises Christopher can make and one of the few over which he has any say. That has dealer in sugar

been a tough one. "I am perfectly aware that it has been hard on Christopher's ego. In fact, in the last year I was almost pleased if something had happened to my work so I could say, 'Well, everything isn't coming up roses for me!'"

If there has been any glaring omission in the gift-edged career of Christopher Pratt, it has been the lack of a major retrospective of his work. It is ironic that the largest tribute he has received has been a limited edition volume, wrapped in Omani Niger postcard, which sold for \$2,800.

Pratt conceded to a friend that he wished he had time to fail. As it turns out, he needn't have worried: he takes time—in some cases years—to fall over and over again before a piece is ready for public consumption. Limited exposure may be the price he pays for that freedom. Last week, as he finished the vertical stripes of *Dresser and David Windsor*, a painting he has been fine-tuning for two years, his largest concern was to keep things that way.

But to those who are close, it is clear that Pratt is already hostage to his fa-



to have Mary's paintings sent to his is difficult to swallow. And the fact that his model of the past 10 years has been irreversibly altered in his eyes by Mary's paintings has been unsettling. For him, Donna Manney was one of a long list of village girls who came to work in the Pratt kitchen and ended up posing in the Pratt studio. They were stand-ins for the girls he remembered as a 16-year-old, and when painted in pristine country rooms getting into their slippers, Mary's painting *Girl in My Dressing Gown* stripped Donna of all her innocence, exposing a vulgar world-view that Christopher had not seen. "Mary has unwrapped a parcel," he says, "which can't be rewrapped because the shape will always show through."

For now, the clearest shape showing through is Christopher's awe, out of joint. "I'm less aware," he says quietly. "In the light of Mary's achievement than she is in mine." Mary, who recalls it was jealousy that gave her the push to paint seriously again ("I had felt myself at a losing battle, and I didn't see why only she should be successful"), admits that this year—with the opening of a major retrospective of her work—has

'Me and Anne' (1977-80): Mary Pratt's 'Girl in My Dressing Gown' (1981) different version of village girls

opened to a select 270 customers. And while Peter Bell's fears that Pratt would be lost to the Canadian public are slightly exaggerated, it is true that his work has not had the profile it might have achieved, especially internationally. "His lack of product could really be a handicap in the years to come," says Godard. "There is nothing to sell, and people like to see product."

If Mary Godard's calculations are correct, she has only another 21-6 Pratt paintings to dangle up before the artist turns 65. "We still wonder what to do with the trouble," points out David Silcox, co-author of the limited edition, "when there isn't enough to sell."

Once, flustered with his early success,



Pratt. Nothing signals this more clearly than the fact that *Dry Fly* has been on the market three times since the St. John's construction began (and yanked off as soon as there was a serious offer), and for the first summer in memory Pratt missed his individual art fair, taking the time to let his imagination roam up and down the Newfoundland shore. On a rare break from his studio he stood on the deck of his boat, one handkerchief, breasted over his bald head, another tucked between his fingertips, to illustrate

a lesson on how to master sails. But even this was spoiled when a sudden gust of wind tore it out of his hands. For the first time in a very long time, Christopher Pratt is having difficulty putting his life into a tidy configuration, and his future, like the handkerchief, is flapping out of control. ☐



A Day to Remember ... and a unique Royal Wedding Souvenir to treasure - yours with Maclean's at no extra cost!

Only once in a lifetime are we likely to see a celebration so rich in glamour and pageantry as the recent Royal Wedding. The spectacular Procession through festive London and the elaborate ceremony in St. Paul's, highlighted in a special 10-page photostory—plus the in-depth background of the couple's famous romance... their past lives... their future together... and many other fascinating stories and photos—all captured in Maclean's unique 46-page Souvenir Album!

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION Printed in a strictly limited issue, Maclean's Souvenir Album is sure to become a collector's item you'll always treasure. And it's yours FREE when you take Maclean's at this special reduced rate:

\$112.97 **\$12.97** **\$19.95**
(Reg. \$54 at newsstands, \$85.50 by subscription) (Reg. \$54 at newsstands, \$85 by subscription)

PLUS YOUR SOUVENIR ALBUM FREE!

Model-actress **INA FANTO** was once among four finalists in the running for a role as one of Charles's wives. She did not get the part—and she's glad she didn't. "I wasn't ready then. I couldn't talk and walk at the same time," she says frankly. But Fanto, a fourth cousin of Russian actor **Leo Tolstoy**, has since found her voice walking through several TV roles and a stint as the Chrysler Girl. Now in *Manhattan*, the L.A. native has her first lead role in the feature *Dreamworld* with Tom's **Jeff Conaway**. "There's so little glamour in film these days, models are becoming celebrities," says the 30-year-old. "There's lots of glamour in this film—it looks like a candy store for men."



Sakatchewan's business community got a taste of the economic and international policies of the Ronald Reagan administration last week. It came from former U.S. president **Gerald Ford**—and it cost only \$100 a plate. The talk of landing Ford, who came with a \$10,000 (U.S.) speaker's fee through a New York booking agency, was made easier with the generous help of well-known. Regina businessman **Freddie Hill** owns a condominium in the same Palm Springs, Calif., complex as Ford, and the two have become occasional golfing partners. Take a good neighbor, Hill had his private jet pick up Ford in Palm Springs and return him home after the Regatta engagement. In return, Ford briefly visited Notre Dame College in Wilcox, Sask., a school where Hill serves as chancellor. Proving it helps to know the right people, Ford also agreed to only one media interview during his hurried Regina visit—with CTV, a TV station owned by Hill.



Waiting, basking Fanto (top) and **Winkler** (right) on 1,200 calories

Approaches used player from his childhood days in Kalamazoo, B.C., **Gary Ross** learned to master the blackjack tables in Las Vegas while researching a magazine article about jumping Canadian. Ross, 38, now senior editor with *Saturday Night* magazine, was so fascinated with the city so material for a novel that over four years he returned two dozen times. "I wasn't hooked," he says. "I'd gamble and do research—in that order." Ross learned to "score the cards" and came away with enough winners to cover his travel expenses, even pocketing some of the casino's money. After being told repeatedly by other bosses, "You're welcome to play any other game but blackjack," Ross found himself eventually persona grata about 30 feet from 30 casinos. By then, however, he had done his homework for *Algebra City* by *Decker*, which comes out next month with New

York concentrating in his next novel, about a disintegrating relationship that "has no gambling, thank God."

With the U.S. government unable to stop the flow of drugs from Latin America into Florida, wealthy Key West lawyer **Randy Lushner** is offering a solution—he will become a pirate. Lushner has petitioned Congress for "Letters of Marque and Reprisal" so he can legally wage war-for-profit on the Spanish Main. "I don't propose to go bumping with a club and cutlery," says Lushner. Still, his plan includes buying a torpedo-equipped go-fast and

manning it with a crew of mercenaries. "I have the guys all lined up—they're all people who rather enjoy risk-taking," he says. "I'll direct from the shore." With the present crash of business on Capitol Hill, it could take months before his project is looked at. But if it's granted, Lushner will be the first privateer licensed by the government since the War of 1812 when **Jean Lafitte** was hired to plunder British merchant ships.

Living the role of a cult follower who gets indoctrinated and deprogrammed took its toll on actor **Nick Mancuso**. For his starring role in *Ralph Thomas' Ticket to Heaven*, which opened the recent annual Toronto Film Festival last week, Mancuso says, "I was only eating 1,200 calories a day, not getting enough sleep and being yelled at all the time—it was like having your guts turned inside out." Looking healthy for the part, the Toronto native expects next to get more of a stunt as body than mind when he takes off for

northern British Columbia to star as a prospector in *Motholod* with the master of physical technique, **Charles Newton**.

One of baseball's most hairy treasures is that the day a manager is hired, he knows he will be fired—particularly if he works for New York Yankees boss **George Steinbrenner**. In the eight years he has owned the team, he has gone through seven managers—including the feisty **Rip Martin**, on two separate occasions. Although the man he was paid to win in Montreal Expos manager **Dick Williams**, last week Stein-



Steinbrenner, seven out, more to go?

brenner replaced his latest victim, **Gabe Moon**, with previous casualty **Bob Lemon**. "I never got any credit for being bright," snapped Lemon the second time around. But with word coming two days later that Williams got the nod in Montreal, leaving him free for next season, Lemon could only say, "I haven't unpacked my bags."

"What does anyone do on Labor Day?" It's as dull as Canada Day," explains **Tom Wainewale** about the decision by Vancouver's *Pulp* Press to hold its Fourth Annual International Three-Day Novel Writing Contest as the traditional end-of-summer weekend. Wainewale, a content organizer, is the only contestant so far to produce a winning work within the required 72 hours (his manuscript, from the 1978 contest, *Dr. Tin*, was published by *Pulp* Press and is now in its second printing). Entrance this year included a 60-year-old wife, who was thrown out of the office on his first visit before he could turn in his manuscript, and a man from Calgary calling himself "the King of Canada, who is submitting a history of Canada for consideration." *Pulp* Press has yet to receive it. Says Wainewale, "He sent it to the Governor-General for prereading."

There was as mistaking the girlish whiff of **Jenna Kennedy Oake**, whose New York City *Saturday* Commission **Norman Steinhilber** answered his phone last week. "My valuable property has been carried away by your trucks. Please do something!" she pleaded. Then she explained that 27 newly framed pictures, souvenirs presented to her 20 years ago in India while traveling with President **Kennedy**, had been mistakenly left wrapped in brown paper at the side door of her luxury Fifth Avenue apartment. Steinhilber located the truck



No newcomer **Norman** and **Dennis Parto**: Nor collection goes to the collector



and promptly unloaded an tonnet of elite upper east side trash on a covered porch. Later, with the help of Oake's brother and maid, he located the package—intact and undamaged. "We're not just garbage collectors," explained an unflinching sanitation department spokesman. "We treat trash with respect. It's an art."

"It's just the name relations gave me when I was a child. It's no different to me than **Dolly Parto's** name is to hers." That has become the standard remark of singer **John Newton** when asked again to explain the origins of his exotic name. And with the release of his fourth album it is an explanation that is

sought with increasing frequency. Newton is finally making her mark on the charts with her country rendition of **Marlene Dietrich's** 1958 hit, *Angel of the Morning*, and the equally successful *Queen of Hearts*. But for the road-wear singer it has been a long haul. "We're not new at this," says the alien Virginian who spent three years on the California bar circuit with her band *Silver Spur* before her break came. "You do lose some of the closeness to the audience in a concert hall," she notes. Still, she doesn't roam the smoke-filled room—recording studios seem to be the wase of her future.

When Newfoundland fishermen reached the point of throwing soggy hungry polluted whales from rearing into their end and squid traps, Memorial University animal behaviorist **John Lien** decided to create a near-wildlife. The result of his work with the 38-year-old **Research Group** in northeastern B.O. is a new species of whale, which will speak a whole up to 300 inches away. With tests showing the alarm greatly reducing the damage to both the traps and the endangered whales, it could eventually go into mass production. "The problem is very much a conflict situation," says Lien. "I see myself as an arbitrator."

—EDITED BY TOM MACDONALD

An avenging host in red and white

Canada puts the Challenge Cup hobgoblins to rest

By Hal Quinn

On a frigid February night in 1978, the horses of the National Hockey League suffered a startling and humiliating defeat. In cavernous Madison Square Garden, the best team that the first round season was destined 6-0 in the final game of a three-match series by a squad from the Soviet Union. The rest was an unaccompanied as it was complete and thousands of this regular season and playoff games later, the painful memory remained. Until last week. Then, as the Canada Cup II tournament moved toward its finale, the pride of Canadian hockey was slowly restored. All that remained was one last, decisive showdown between Team Canada and the Russians. But before the last whistle was blown, Canada had decisively re-established its starring role in the small universe of international hockey.

This time, the mistakes of the past were neither forgotten nor repeated. As the players for Team Canada gathered in early August, venerated from their gold, medals, several careers and increasingly brief respite from the ice, it was clear that the 1981 series would be different. Fifty-year veterans of the previous season were recalled. Scoring statistics are no longer the sole gauge of excellence. Hard-working, best players were summoned instead to cope with the Soviets. Rick Middleton of Boston, Ron Gougeon of free agency and Bruce Goring of the Islanders joined a phalanx of peak artists, including Mike Bossy and Bryan Trottier of the Islanders, Gil Perreault of Buffalo, Marcel Dionne of Hollywood, Guy Lafleur of Les Canadiens and a guy called Gretzky. Some came reluctantly (no one more so than goalie Billy Smith), and some didn't come at all (Bob Dionne not wanting to risk injury as a free agent). But most came like Bossy. "Rare we gave up a month of our summer. But we love hockey enough, we want to play and we want to win," he said.

The expenses of international hockey handling necessitated a six-nation tournament. The International Ice Hockey Federation does not want the sport to

locate on a Canada-U.S.S.R. axis, so neither have real that is. And so the successor of the only meaningful kind called past Poland, Sweden, the U.S.A. and Czechoslovakia. The creator of the schedule obviously had an affinity for single letters. In ascending order Team Canada strode past the pretensions toward a reprise and gradually quieted the ghosts of that Manhattan night.

The first offering was a paltry crew



Team Canada lounging a bit while to practice interval. Gretzky came isolated



from Finland, who stood and watched Team Canada find its range for a 9-0 victory. Then a stubbornly presumptuous group of Americans, who kept pace until a host of other-worldly firepower from the Canadians in the third period blasted them 8-3. Next were the Czechs. As Bossy said, "We didn't really know what we were up against." The Czechs played brilliantly, surviving a spate of late penalties to earn their pre-Cup billing and earn a 4-4 tie. And so, in the final game of the round-robin phase, the Canadians faced the Soviets.

It was appropriate that they met last Wednesday night at the hub of Canadian hockey—the Montreal Forum, an institution where the cup had lived and ice-covered (and have long been appreciated, its lower elements declined). The parties were not disappointed. Gil Perreault, lost in the Czech game to a broken arm in a previous collision with Wayne Gretzky, was replaced on left wing by a superlative centre, Dionne. After barely 50 seconds, Dionne

day the puck out of the Russian corner and passed in Gretzky. A second and a heartbeat later it was in the net.

They had done that type of thing before, these men who play in front of millions for millions. But this September night it was different. The Soviets replied. They approached the third period tied at two. With a flurry and flourish that seems created for this sport alone, the cluster of pros from 15 of the 1981-82 seasons scored five consecutive goals—Middleton, Dave Dionne, Plater, Bossy and Goring. It ended 7-5.

There were the formalities of the semi-finals in which the Soviets dispatched the Czechs and sleepy-looking Canadians think the Americans eat at their dreams of Lake Placid overtook the Soviets and the Canadians would meet again in Sunday night's final but regardless, few would now forget an evening T-3 Montreal night. ☐

Hennessy

VERY SPECIAL
Hennessy
COGNAC

One of the world's most civilized spirits.

For the record

PIRATES
Riviera Las Jones
(WEA)

A finger-snapping, fire-dancing, adolescent of stylish street life, Riviera Las Jones is an inventive singer and songwriter who mixes childish dreams with a best philosophy. She can also sound like an unimpassioned kid who has listened to too much Jimi Mitchell. However, while sometimes self-consciously talking about Lewis, Dean and Jay as if we knew who they were, she composes tunes that are wonderfully rhythmic and some post-lyrics. *Shakespeare* is soft, pretty and sad. *Woody and Dutch* on the other hand is Peeking in top dancing on the sidewalk.

TATTOO YOU
The Rolling Stones
(WEA)

The Stones set a new pace here (except, as always, with album graphics), but neither do they succumb to the trends of the day, as they came close to doing so last year's *Residuals*.

ROLLING STONES TATTOO YOU



Generally unaggressive—the paired would say liked—*Tattoo You* mostly divides into a hardy-tasting first side and a slow and more satisfying second. Best of all are *Wanted About You*, sung by Jagger in a gentle, plaintive falsetto, and *Shivers*, a cynical and dusty number on which his old costume magenta sounds almost ethereal.

PRETENDERS II
The Pretenders
(WEA)

The Pretenders' first album was one of the catchiest in years, and it would take some doing for their second to match its likability-quilt. *Serious*. Still, *Pretenders II* distinguishes far more than ever expected. The music is tough. Christine

Hynde's vocals, more like tough talking than singing, are stretched and alive, especially on *The Addict* and *Pink It Up*. There are some sweet moments—*I Go To Sleep* is this year's *Stop Your Sobbing*—but, for the most part, what once was tough, and fresh, now seems mellow and sour.

KODAKU
Deliver Harry
(Capitol)

She has the chill composure of a heroine from *Poe* (who is quoted on the inner sleeve), but Harry still burns, in that poet's words, with "the fever called 'Loving'." Produced by Rick Rodgers.



Call Futuric before you get spaced out.

If your office is spacing you out, make a move to your phone and call us. We're Futuric Office Systems and our space planners can suggest innovative ways to get the most out of your present space. But if you need to move, they can help too. By efficiently planning your new space.

After all, Futuric has the widest selection of executive and systems office furniture in Toronto and Montreal including 70 executive suites and 200 chairs in our showrooms. Over 5000 desks, credenzas, chairs and filing cabinets in stock and all deliveries are immediate.

You also get a fair price for your old office furniture;



above manufacturer's warranty, plus trained service people to back it up.

So call us before you get spaced out.

FUTURIC
OFFICE SYSTEMS

A Division of FUTURIC Office Furniture Distribution Ltd.

Futuric. Because you can't do today's business in yesterday's office.

TORONTO SHOWROOMS: 361 Spadina Rd. Downtown 663-1008. MONTREAL SHOWROOMS: 1421 Legendre St. West 391-6851.

*"The rarest gems
in our collection
will soon be
gone"*



*The Penthouses
of
2000
Islington*

For an exclusive five. Living penthouses M16, 200.
One and two bedrooms plus den suites from \$557,300.
Aqua Lifestyle Building
On Islington Avenue, 4 mile south of Hwy. 401 in Toronto, Ontario.
Model open daily, Monday to Friday, 10 am to 5 pm.
Saturday and Sunday 12 pm to 5 pm.

TRIDEL

Price and availability subject to change without notice.



It takes a lot more
than magnificent rooms,
gourmet cuisine and
a year-round heated outdoor
pool... to make a hotel great.

At Loews Le Concorde in Quebec City we believe that it takes the very best to make your stay great. From 450 spacious rooms and suites to versatile conference facilities. From Le Cabaret, Quebec City's hottest nightclub, to continental cuisine at L'Austral, our revolving rooftop restaurant. And a choice location overlooking the historic Plains of Abraham, just a stone's throw from the business district and the Concorde's modern buildings. Loews Le Concorde... it takes it all... to make a hotel great.

LOEWS Le Concorde

1205, Place Montcalm
Quebec, Quebec G1R 4W6
(418) 467-2022 or call 1 800 Inc.
(Loews International International)
Toll-free—800-5711 Quebec—(418) 258-7387

Photo: M.

MAKE A PARTY ON US
How friendly on us Ottawa, you'll find it hard to pay but the charges are most reasonable. We can accommodate parties of from 15 to 150 people. Banquets and dining restaurants, exquisite evening or afternoon parties... we've been doing them all for about 20 years. Ask for a catering folder at any of our restaurants. It explains everything you wanted to know, but I don't know whom to ask.

446-3231



Coach'n Four

RESTAURANT & BAR



DON MILLS CENTRE



Living things need
protection and a
place to live so you
can enjoy them

The Federation of Ontario
Naturalists works for their survival.
A tax deductible donation would
help secure their future.

For more information write to
Federation of Ontario Naturalists
350 Leslie Road
Don Mills, Ontario M3B 2N8

TRANSPORTATION

Shedding the excess baggage

As fuel prices rise faster than a 747 at takeoff, airlines these days are frantically searching for ways to save money. While most carriers have lowered airfares and added fees, American Airlines (AA), with an annual fuel bill of \$1.1 billion (U.S.), has gone one step further: the airline is busy fermenting out and abandoning every excess kilo it can find inside its 280 planes. Its scheme has proved so successful that six other airlines are implementing similar changes.

On the new "bart," American's planes have shed their heavy metal golf bags for five glass models, removed the underpadding from the carpets and even changed the type of plastic used to cover magazines. "This alone saved us \$200,000 in fuel," claims New York AA director of public relations Vincent Modugno. "The old ones weighed 1.1 lb, these new covers are only 6/10 lb, each." He also adds that passengers will never again touch another aircraft hold-up just, can add up to 300 kg in excess baggage.

While government-owned Air Canada admits it's still considering the weight-loss plan, CP Air, with 34 planes, is ready to move. The move to install lighter frame seats in half a dozen planes has saved the airline \$80,000 in fuel, says CP Air public relations representative Peter Gelling in Vancouver. But, sadly, CP Air has also had to dispense with the coveted souvenir of air travel: the "luggage" liquor bottle. Instead, its trolleys now sport 1-litre bottles and a shot glass. As well, the bulky carriers now taxi to and from terminals on two engines instead of four, and CP Air is looking to fly more direct routes.

The weight-watcher airlines stress that these changes are safe and will not affect passenger comfort. To date, the regulatory bodies in both countries, the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration and the Department of Transport, which have jurisdiction over cosmetic changes and flight operations, have sanctioned the effort. But despite the airlines' respective savings, the air traveller will not likely benefit. Explains AA's Modugno: "We have other costs, and they just keep going up, too."

—CHRISTINE BUDZ

Meryl Streep

Jeremy Irons



*She was lost
from the moment
she saw him.*

The French Lieutenant's Woman

MERYL STREEP JEREMY IRONS A KAREL REIZZ FILM "THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN"

LEO MCKERN HAROLD PINTER JOHN FOWLES CARL DAVIS LEON CLORE KAREL REIZZ

READ THE SAGNET PAPERBACK TECHNOLOUR®

UNITED ARTISTS

STARTS FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 18th AT THE CUMBERLAND FOUR CINEMAS

WALLY CROUTER

THE CHAMPION OF BREAKFASTS



Enjoy the most nutritious breakfast serial in town. Charles Diering, Peter Dinkens and David Craig with news and views, Bill Stephenson with sports and David Talley with his financial report. Mary Shannon spots traffic from his Twin Comanche. Marlene Oliver checks public transportation and Ross Farnest gives you highway signals. Peter Hlad reports on leisure-time activities in the holiday areas. Keeping the ingredients beautifully balanced is Wally's wit, dash and essential one-liners. Soap, Cracks and Pop!

Wake up to Toronto's best mornings with the Wally Crouter Show

5:30-10:00 A.M. MONDAY-FRIDAY

CFRB 1010

THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

MEDICINE

A liberating operation

A novel surgical device promises relief for scoliosis sufferers

By Sarah Lawley

When a scoliosis patient reaches adolescence, she risks a one-in-10 chance of contracting a disease called spondylitis, or curvature of the spine. The condition horizontal twisting of the vertebrae, which deforms the torso, is at first painless, but can eventually constrict the heart and lungs. If the disease is diagnosed early, a spinal protractor—which stimulates muscle contractions during sleep—can prevent the crooked growth. But for those whose scoliosis is advanced, major surgery is the only solution.

The five-hour operation involves implantation of steel rods to brace the spine, leaving the patient immobile for four months, first in a bed frame and then a body cast. But now, after five years of research headed by Dr. Walter Bobechko, chief of orthopedics at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, the science of scoliosis treatment have been successfully exchanged for an extra 15

minutes on the operating table.

Behind the innovation is a self-adjusting three-dimensional clamp, several of which secure the steel rods to the spine. The clamps provide automatic stability whereas in the traditional procedure, gruffed bone must fuse with the rods before any weight can be exerted on the spine. Says Bobechko: "The clamps allow the patient to lead a relatively normal life almost immediately."

Fourteen-year-old Cheryl Towns of St. Catharines, Ont., is among the 30 people to have received the new clamps so far. Just 13 days after she underwent the corrective surgery last November, she was walking, and returned home shortly thereafter. Although she was to refrain from physically demanding activities, last winter the young convalescent slid down icy hills in an inner tube. At one point she tackled a ramp and landed soundly on her tailbone. "It didn't hurt at all," she adds, mischievously. "I also water-skied. The crazy, though Dr. Bobechko doesn't know yet."



A scoliosis victim, mendacious brief

Because Bobechko's technique is novel, most scoliosis victims (10 per cent of which are males) still undergo the traditional operation. Eleven years ago, Duane Spaulding, now 36, was a patient of Bobechko's, but she tells a grimmer tale than Towns. After spending



two weeks in a frame. Stenson was fitted with a heavy body cast and sent home to Sudbury in an ambulance to spend 2½ months lying in a hospital bed in her living room. "The worst thing, apart from not being able to move around, were the mosquitoes and the itching," she says. "I didn't want to have it done, but I didn't have a choice. When I asked Dr. Bobochko what would happen if I didn't have the operation, he said I'd look like a peasant."

The change will be commercially available after Bobochko presents his work this month at a scientific research

meeting in Montreal. But the question is: is it likely to become standard practice for some time because of its novelty, even though the new procedure, casters. "The savings for each operation, in terms of hospital and medical care," Bobochko claims, "are close to \$10,000 to the government." Another reason the procedure may not catch on is that there are doctors who are reluctant to do away with the cast. Says Dr. Douglas Brown of Halifax's Isaac Walton Kilham Hospital for Children: "Casts stop patients from doing crazy things." But there are others who appreciate the



Feet (above), rods attached to the spine, out of the casting cast



enormous benefits the liberating surgery has on run-of-the-mill teenagers. "It's quite a breakthrough," comments Dr. James Harder of the Alberta Children's Hospital in Calgary. He cautions, however, that for the next few years its use should be confined to major research centres. "There is always the possibility of complications," he says, suggesting that the change may not stay in place and that solid fusion might not be achieved. But Cheryl Toews couldn't be happier. "It's just great," she says. "I've had no problems at all." ◇

In the world's largest
Scotch Whisky market,
New Yorkers buy more
Dewar's White Label
than any other brand.

Taste will
tell you why



classmates



Correction Riter Model AL10
Self-correcting
Easy-to-load colour/
correction cassette ribbon
13 Carriage

Correct-o-Riter II Model 2912C
Self-correcting
Easy-to-load colour/
correction cassette ribbon
12 Carriage



brother.
electric typewriters

Available at retail stores across Canada

Brother International Corporation, Montreal, Quebec. Subsidiary of Brother Industries, Ltd., Japan



The increasing rate in the growth rate in this cross section of a Douglas fir shows how thinning helps trees grow faster. Loggers remove some nearby trees when the tree was 106 years old, more 31 and 8 years later. Thinning is just one way to help our forest lands produce more wood.

The care and feeding of forests

By intensely farming our forest lands—planting, thinning, fertilizing the forest—silviculturists know Canada can double its output of timber per hectare.*

It is important to all Canadians that we grow larger amounts of wood on our forest lands on a continuing basis. At present levels of forest management, timber supplies will not let Canada hold its share of world markets for very many more years. Management of the nation's most valuable renewable resource must be intensified. Hundreds of communities, thousands of jobs and Canadians in general depend on an adequate wood supply in all regions of the country.

Canadians, through their governments own 90% of the forests. The forest industry pays rent for the land it leases and the wood it harvests.



Female and male white spruce flowers when genetically superior trees are mixed, silviculturists create new, faster growing varieties of trees which help Canada's forest compete with rapid growth growth in warmer climates.

These payments, in addition to taxes paid by the industry and its employees, pour some tens of billions dollars into government coffers each year. Only a small part of this income—about 5% out of each dollar taken in—has been reinvested by governments in forest renewal. Now, that is beginning to increase.



Planting is one way to help restore our forests. Governments and industry must cooperate to ensure forests for tomorrow.

Forestry people in governments and industry believe Canada's investment in future crops should be larger. Silviculture—the care and feeding of forests to produce larger and better wood crops for the future—deserves more attention and support from Canadians.

Economists estimate the world will need twice as much pulp and paper in



Pulp and paper exports make an important contribution to our lifestyle. The pulp and paper industry contributes more to Canada's balance of payments than any other manufacturing sector.

the next generation. Canada can share in serving those increasing needs but only if our forests are more productive. So intensive forest management seems wise, especially when you consider that in Canada, the forest industries create one job in ten.

To learn more, write for the publication "Forests for the Future", Dept. M1, Public Information Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2500 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec H3B 2X8.

*1 hectare is almost the size of 2 football fields.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

FASHION



Sung with models sporting the clothes up-to-the-minute but easy to wear

Homegrown design stars

Enter a cogue for the brass risk-takers of the rag trade

By Bonnie Horowitz

Each-hour shoppers applaud as a beaming Alfred Sung struts down the runway, leading the waistline of two top New York models—both outfitted from collar to knickers in Alfred Sung sportswear. The scene is 84th Fifth Avenue, the occasion, a debut showing of Sung's fall collection. The fashion-hungry crowd approves: here are the season's all-important colors (faded green with rust and navy accents), the major new shapes (from handkerchief pants to blouson jackets). When the last model has retreated to the dressing room the 36-year-old designer faces a barrage of questions. "Does the ladder gown really work with the navy?" "Can a woman over 30 wear knickers?" Sung handles these attentions with aplomb that belies the designer for his Originals, a Canadian company projecting \$5 million in sales this year. One day he's the leader, days later he's the underdog, a Canadian company projecting \$5 million in sales this year. One day he's the leader, days later he's the underdog, a Canadian company projecting \$5 million in sales this year. One day he's the leader, days later he's the underdog, a Canadian company projecting \$5 million in sales this year.

the-wall boutique.

Angus Canada's most successful young designer, Sung is at the vanguard of a new crop of talented and aggressive Canadians. Many have recently launched their own companies, most have lagged only three or four years in current ventures. Their work ranges from the understated elegance of Montrealer François Goulet's cool suits to the high-spirited youthfulness of Vancouverer Leighton Barrett's wool jersey knickers. All have garnered both critical and financial success. And several, no longer content with this country's limited market, are taking their collections to the U.S., where shrewd buyers pronounce them both up-to-the-minute and easy to wear (read viable).

A few signs of the times.

•Media. Pelly, 35, and Harry Parnas, in his early 40s, opened a modest boutique called Parachute on Montreal's trendy Crescent Street and filled it with trendy-sweaters, turtlenecks, plaid jumpsuits, football-sweatshirt jackets. Four years later, the newer-designers also oversee shops in Toronto, Los Angeles,

San Francisco and New York.

•Husband and wife designers Bernard McGee, 26, and Shirley Wicksbrod, 29, started Toronto's Clothes/mca boutique three years ago with \$10,000 borrowed from their parents. They have since built a \$2-million operation which distributes their classic tailored clothing across Canada.

•Four years ago, design graduate Debbie Shalosh, then 20, turned down job offers to launch her own sportswear company in Toronto. She expects over \$25 million this year in sales to both Canadian and American retailers.

•Once-struggling innovators are smiling more often. Twenty-eight-year-old Toronto designer and boutique owner Gerald Francis, of Hut Couture, has scheduled his first New York show next spring. Leighton Barrett, 30, scandalized Toronto shoppers with slinky suits when he opened Ecol in 1977, armed with 10,000 borrowed dollars and a trunkful of old fabrics his dressmaking mother had saved. Today sales of luscious outrageous gear are booming in his new Yonge Street boutique, and Barrett has bottled \$40,000 in American orders.

•Canadian designer labels, once unheard of, are catching on as emblems of high fashion and careful workmanship. Mr. Originals engaged Sung as a partner last year, Montreal's Malinone signed up François Goulet, 31, in 1978, Aline Martel Ltd. of Toronto lured Wayne Clark, 31, that same year.

It used to be that aspiring designers spent years lugging their portfolios through the garment centers of Man-

Classical Goulet shows off a suit





Apollonia Barrett and Knickerbockers

trout and Toronto in search of any job, let alone a creative one. Recall Leo Chervakov, at the old sedated king of Canada's fashion industry. "When I first started, no one wanted to know you." For decades Canadian manufacturers either bought patterns drawn up in the U.S. or sent an underling to Paris to "knock off" (copy cheaply) the styles emerging from several collections. Bored with homogenous clothing, discriminating shoppers opted for costly European and American imports.

Today, however, the Canadian fashion industry is more prosperous than ever before. The reasons are partly economic. Now that the devalued Canadian dollar has upped the prices of European and American imports, store buyers here must increase orders from native designers in order to fill their racks with clothing that catches eyes, but doesn't demand big budgets. (A complete skirt suit outfit runs \$350 to \$400, a Halston Sportswear ensemble is priced closer to \$800.) Meanwhile, as a explosion of chic specialty shops has housed the tastes of Canadian women. Increasingly, these women are working and view fine fabrics and distinctive styling as office essentials. To the chagrin of some designers, they're leery of fashion extremes ("Unless you're doing very conservative clothes, you face a setback in Canada," gripes Apollonia Barrett). But to designers' benefit, shoppers aren't immune to the sash appeal of "a Wayne Clark" or "an Alfred Sung."

None of this is lost on a small but growing number of manufacturers who realize there's money to be made in Canadian designer collections. According to Althea Marcell President Jack Adkin, the Wayne Clark label entices him "to use better fabrics and put in little extra details that really make clothing spe-

cial. Once you're recognized, you can charge your own price." In Montreal, Malcom Inc. Vice-President Jerry Finkelstein is blunter as he recalls hiring Garnet: "I felt we could make a statement with François and I think other manufacturers will have to do the same or go bankrupt."

But most of the up-and-coming fashion labelmakers owe no break to sympathetic manufacturers. If anything distinguishes them from most of their predecessors, it's their willingness

Wickelbrod and McGee: opulent fabrics



to strike out on their own—which taken pains, as Wickelbrod and McGee will know. Both abandoned salaried jobs to open Clothlines. From the start, they didn't hesitate to test or exaggerate established trends. "We did a number one leg shoofers," recalls Wickelbrod, whose hemlines always fall lower than New York and Paris dictates. Adds McGee, "We succeeded by carving out our own market [affluent career women with a taste for luxuriant fabrics] and creating our own demand."

Winning a clientele means tempting into cities with practicality. So Gerald Franklin has discovered, pacing at the sale rack on which hangs a favorite hand-beaded evening dress, a wiser Franklin sighs: "Right now I'm not as concerned with being far ahead. I'll keep things in the wardrobe until people are ready for them." That kind of business sense is growing among young designers. Indeed, the increasing importance into the U.S. industries just few bottom line-oriented Canadian designers and their backers have become. A sagging Canadian dollar, they have realized, means extremely competitive prices in American stores. Moreover, several fashion entrepreneurs quickly exhausted the opportunities offered by this country's small population.

A few skeptics are hoping that exposure to the well-oiled American fashion scene will reduce the alieniveness that still lingers among some of Canada's more iconoclastic young designers. For instance, when the Toronto trio once gave Clothlines a show notice, McGee and Wickelbrod fired off an angry letter to the writer. View West's rebellious Oscar de la Renta is more gracious. He may not grin at a bad review, but he quietly bears it. Pronounces Star fashion reporter Jane Hsu: "The best of Canadian fashion stands up to the best in the world, but a lot of times their clothes don't live up to their price."

Whether any Canadian designer will ever rival the Blues of de la Renta remains to be seen. So far, however, the future looks bright, and American buyers are bidding unworriedly about the collections they have purchased. Alfred Sung inspires this poem from Mary Pittman of Jacobson's in Michigan: "I loved it, the store management loved it, the customer loves it." Meanwhile, even the unromantic Barrett is searching to keep up with his American business. He has hired several contractors to produce the extra clothing. This kind of response has stimulated many of the new breed to produce their best collections just—and to anticipate a growing public for finer work abroad. Reflects Garnet, "I feel I may finally be able to try something more extreme in the U.S. if they go for something, they don't like for it halfway." ☐

Every new Olympus camera hits the market, innovation hits another high point. And that's why the introduction of each OLYMPUS 35mm camera has been met with such overwhelming praise.

The news started with the OLYMPUS OM-1—a totally new 35L concept. Remarkably compact, lightweight and rugged, the OM System gave the demanding professional total control over every photo exposure.

The versatile OM-2 gave OM admirers a press worthy option. One switch changes it from manual to a remarkably subtle

estimated system. Auto mode exposures are always right because TTL Direct "On-the-Film" Light Measuring closes the shutter when just enough light has reached the film.

The range of the OM movement became impressively easy to capture with the fully automatic OLYMPUS OM-10. Focus and shoot. It's that simple. TTL, meter the light, right. So it's foolproof. And auto-visual, auto-focus makes it self-teach a real standout.

The newest innovation from OLYMPUS are the XA Series Cameras. They're full-line 35s, but both where the resemblance to the traditional camera stops. There's no

lens cap, no case. A unique Dual Viewfinder slides back to reveal a readable Zeiss lens. So they go anywhere, in style.

OLYMPUS never stops re-inventing the camera, and every single model is a proof. There's one that's just right for you, whether you're a photographer who's just beginning or a just seasoned.

At OLYMPUS we don't just make cameras. We make camera news.

OLYMPUS
OLYMPUS OPTICAL CO. LTD. Tokyo, Osaka, Japan

We make cameras that make headlines.



Available in Canada by: W. Gordon Co., Ltd. 25 Spadina Ave. (at 587) Toronto, Ont. M5S 1A7

Honing in on the past

The latest in technological wizardry will soon render traditional carbon 14 dating obsolete

By Pat O'Brien

The discovery in the 1950s that radioactive carbon could be used to date old objects revolutionized anthropology and archeology. Yet today, thousands of artifacts and bones lie undated in museums and universities around the world because they are too old, too small or too precious to be pulverized for the technique. But now, physicists, engineers, geologists and archaeologists have created a new technology—atom counting—that dates, within minutes, samples the size of a pinhead, and will extend the range of carbon dating from the present 40,000 years to about 100,000 years. And when a unique machine called Isotrac arrives at the University of Toronto this fall, Canada will be in the forefront of the new technology, enabling sci-



Partner with Isotrac (above), living with Isotrac (below) the machine will help find out mineral deposits as well as safe waste disposal sites



Shed of Turin—settling the dispute

entists to analyze not only carbon 14, but, in time, all trace elements. The conventional method of dating works this way: radioactive carbon 14, created in the atmosphere every day by cosmic rays, enters a plant or animal as long as it is alive. But when it dies, no new elements are taken in. The carbon 14 decays by emitting beta rays, or electrons, at a constant rate and becomes nitrogen 14, one of the most common atoms in all materials. After 5,730 years—the half-life of carbon 14—half of the carbon 14 in the bone or wood will have decayed; after another 5,730 years, half of that half will have disappeared, and so on. The conventional technique

the same weight. (The nitrogen 14, which can be confused with carbon 14 because it has the same mass, is eliminated by a clever device at the front of the accelerator.) Comparing the numbers of carbon 14 to carbon 12 atoms in a sample will produce the date.

Among the promises Isotrac holds for scientists is the more exact dating of historical artifacts—for instance, the Shroud of Turin, the Italian religious relic believed by some to be Christ's burial garment, by others a 16th-century hoax. Isotrac could settle at least the dispute over the relic's age—in minutes, and using only a tiny piece of the item threaded.

A more likely project for Isotrac's first year is dating bits of slag from L'Anse aux Meadows, the site of Viking settlements in Newfoundland. If traces of charcoal on the iron turn out to be 900 to 1,000 years old (the date obtained from the alloy by the conventional technique), there would be no doubt that Europeans visited the New World 500 years before Columbus. "We're hoping for more accurate dates from Isotrac and a reasonable chronology of when the place was occupied," says David Carlisle, a research scientist at Environment Canada.

A more controversial project involves the finds of anthropologist Bill Irving at the University of Toronto. In 1976, at Old Crow River in the northern Yukon, Irving dug up a mule of bare tusk and human jawbone complete with teeth. He hasn't sent them to a carbon-dating lab because if they're as old as he sus-

pects, the tuskbone would destroy them. But when dated by Isotrac, the bones could throw anthropologists into a tizzy.

Optimism as to the length of time human beings have been in North America is divided, with one group of anthropologists sticking to about 11,000 years, another extending up to 36,000 years. Geological, glacial, paleontological and other evidence, however, has indicated that the Old Crow jawbone might be 40,000 to 50,000 years old and the tusk as astonishing 150,000 years old. "It's a very upsetting find," says Irving. "I'm anxious to find out what's going to date—me or the other guy."

During the jawbone visit, he a clutch living road only drill five, inconspicuous holes in it and Isotrac will measure the carbon 14 content in minutes. But in order to date the tusk, methods of using radioactive isotopes with longer half-lives than carbon 14 must be developed, a challenge that Toronto chemists and archaeologists are eager to meet. Already on line are techniques for analyzing several other trace elements useful to geologists, which is why the machine's designer and manufacturer, physicist Kenneth Purser, president of General Isotac Corp. in Newburyport, Mass., describes Isotrac as "a superior geological instrument." Among other things, it will be used to help ferret out mineral deposits.

Says University of Toronto geologist John Harkness: "Studying the very low levels of plutonium 244 in rocks will, we hope, point the way to valuable deposits." High on Environment Canada's priority list is the search for safe places to dump nuclear and chemical wastes. By using Isotrac to detect the long-lived radioactive chlorine 36 in date groundwater deep in the Canadian Shield—geologists will look for areas that have not had contact with the surface for millions of years. Says Environment Canada's Charles "Buck" Brown: "We're likely to be able to another few million years and would be safe for the disposal of hazardous wastes."

While Isotrac's powers are amazing, its cost—\$400,000—has yet to be fully determined. This will not likely deter all of the prospective customers who will want to use the machine. But because the hardware—which costs \$1 million—is expensive to operate, the university will have to charge for sample runs. University of Toronto physicist Ted Litherland, considered by most people to be the atom-counting boss in the field, says, "I'm, well, here the solid supporting routine stuff like dating already and Viking sites. But we'll also be looking options to do far things like logging for uranium and super-heavy elements." □

M·E·T·A·M·O·R·P·H·O·S·I·S

"I am no longer
that which I have been"
—Byron



One look around the former L'Auberge de la Chaudière now emerging as the Hotel Plaza de la Chaudière and you'll know you're in elegant surroundings.

Electricity in design and decor is everywhere from the warm meeting lobby with its terraced garden and sparkling waterfall to the luxurious overland rooms. Hotel Plaza de la Chaudière promises guests every need.

Experience it our standard. From the French service of the Chaudière, our five-star gourmet restaurant, to the pleasure of dining in La Jardinière, our informal dining room, we always make you feel special.

Each of our 242 elegant guest rooms and suites is a showcase of modern and timeless appointments.

Expert meeting room facilities show our meticulous attention to every detail necessary for a successful social and business function. Meeting rooms to accommodate 24 to 500. All very special. All uniquely private.

There's an aura of elegance throughout the Hotel Plaza de la Chaudière—an elegance that is the standard of The Plaza Group of Hotels.

For reservations call your travel agent or our direct toll free number 1-800-367-1999 (778-3880 in Ottawa/Hall).

Hotel Plaza
de la Chaudière
TP

HOTEL PLAZA DE LA CHAUDIÈRE, 1000, RUE DU PARC, OTTAWA, K1P 6H6
100, RUE DU PARC, OTTAWA, K1P 6H6
HOTEL PLAZA DE LA CHAUDIÈRE, 1000, RUE DU PARC, OTTAWA, K1P 6H6
HOTEL PLAZA DE LA CHAUDIÈRE, 1000, RUE DU PARC, OTTAWA, K1P 6H6

Employee associations grow sharper teeth

Unions perceive a mounting threat to organized labor

By Lesley Krugner

When Blue Cross employees Ellen Richardson went on strike in September, 1979, she sought formal recognition of her union via a first contract. Two years later the strike is over and Richardson is still out of a job, yet, says one trade unionist, "the greatest threat to organized labor is jobs."

At issue is the sudden burgeoning in southern Ontario of employee associations, derided as "born again" company unions by detractors and resented by proponents as the modern answer to North American big labor. Richardson's union is "autonomous," the former United Automobile Workers (UAW) organizer is one of 50 workers left out in the cold at Toronto's Blue Cross, the private health insurance company, after decertification of the union and certification of an employee association in its stead. Says association president Debbie Cowan: "We believed the large international unions had lost sight of the workers' purpose in forming a union in the first place, which was better wages and fair treatment by managers." Scott Richardson: "They talk a good line, but it's the company line for them as far as action goes."

Traditionally, most employee associations have espoused nothing more controversial than better wages and benefits. There has been a tradition of small-company association bargaining for 30 to 40 years. But the last six years have seen the advent of newly formed unions seeking certification by the Ontario Labor Relations Board to bargain agents for employees of large companies—union in fact, although not in name. All were represented by one of a small group of lawyers, most of the erstwhile labor lawyer Michael Hanna, who seems to have made a career out of employee associations and for whom unions reserve a number of harsh epithets. By no count he now represents



Richardson: An association replaced her union



Norman MacLean: A service industry

larger media companies with the trained employees and drove up a constitution incorporating the association. MacLean says the employees then sue their client—and often management misconduct or intimidation—is sign up members. Like unions, he says, the fledgling associations at first held public meetings before applying for certification. But once meetings were open, unions used testimony from members present to prove illegal company interference to the labor board, and several applications failed. Now, says MacLean, most association meetings are not public, as in the case of Blue Cross. "And it's the secrecy we object to most of all."

Hanna fully denies allegations of management misconduct. Associations indeed start small, he agrees. But he says organizers get the same through a law referral service, other lawyers or

from other associations, met through the management network sketched by unions. And these employees, he says, first meet simply "because they perceive a need for the benefits of a trade union in dealing with employers." He points out that associations are chosen instead of traditional unions because workers object to renunciation of high dues to international headquarters and want more local control. At 35 cents a week, for example, dues for Ontario's largest association at Kodak compare favorably even to those of small local unions. Some workers also choose associations for the open-shop privilege. "The union business is nothing new or less than a service industry," says Hanna. "If you're not happy with the service provided by Imperial Oil, you might opt for Texaco. This is the same."

Associations often begin to organize when the striking union is weak, but when the union and association status grows divergent. Union lawyer MacLean says that at several cases testimony before the labor board has shown associations are formed at management's behest. "What it comes down to," he says, "is that an employer picks one or two or three long-term employees, who are often afraid for their jobs, and he gives them the same of a lawyer." That

from other associations, met through the management network sketched by unions. And these employees, he says, first meet simply "because they perceive a need for the benefits of a trade union in dealing with employers." He points out that associations are chosen instead of traditional unions because workers object to renunciation of high dues to international headquarters and want more local control. At 35 cents a week, for example, dues for Ontario's largest association at Kodak compare favorably even to those of small local unions. Some workers also choose associations for the open-shop privilege. "The union business is nothing new or less than a service industry," says Hanna. "If you're not happy with the service provided by Imperial Oil, you might opt for Texaco. This is the same."

At Blue Cross the crisis peaked this



Anderson: Fears of subtle bargaining

February as the association quietly used as Ontario labor law permitting ratification if no contract is signed one year after certification. They threatened strikers who returned to work and the 124 workers hired since the without, soon forcing a suspension of UAW contract negotiations and a labor board order, in late June, that employees choose between the UAW and the association. The association won by 14 votes. Says Ellen Richardson: "These 124 were afraid they were going to lose their jobs if they voted for the union. If 50 of us [strikers] came back in, 36 of them would be out." Labor law rules the association must now help bargain with strikers to return to work, but Richardson says, "I'm not holding my breath."

Ratification of a contract finally came on Aug. 26. That contract was born, say union critics, after only five

bargaining sessions. UAW organizer Carl Anderson had predicted, "They certainly won't come up with any substantial decisions like the postal union on pregnancy leaves," and now he says the union would have achieved a much better deal—except that Cowan is happy with the 22 per cent raise for the first year, an improvement for workers earning roughly \$11,000. Contracts filed with the labor board show associations have generally gone into association over contracts and have agreed to annual wage raises hovering in the eight- to 12 per cent range. Unlike the union drive for security, association settlements generally permit companies to lay off or provide workers first on the basis of merit. And included

in most is that condition another to unions—a no-strike, no-lockout clause.

Unions, of course, remain wary. MacLean claims the way has already been approached by demoralized association members now seeking association. And Cliff Pilay, president of the Ontario Federation of Labor, has in turn pressed Ontario Labor Minister Robert Rizzo for legislation regulating associations. Hanna urges the unions are getting overboard. "I just don't see a villain behind every curtain," answers striker Ellen Richardson. "At Blue Cross the reason people went out are still going on—the association hasn't stopped that. As far as I'm concerned, they didn't win anything." ☐

The sorrows of a changing face

Translated to the screen, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* resonates with emotion

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN
Directed by Karel Reisz

John Fowles's novel of sexual melancholy, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, was a rare event. Not only did it stand at the top of the best-seller lists, but because Fowles's literary devices were highly resistant to translation, it has taken 12 years to bring the story to the screen. Brandishing the most resolute of cinematic effects, the author would intrude upon the plot with his own voice, characters took control of their own destinies and of the narrative to the point where Fowles provided three different endings. The technique was exhilarating, rather than being alienated from the material, the reader was only drawn in deeper. Now Karel Reisz's adaptation, scripted by Harold Pinter, has played a path, finally allowing the literary medium to travel easily into the film.

There has a stunningly attentive personal talent. We first see Sarah Woodruff (Meryl Streep) through the eyes of Charles Smith (Jeremy Irons). A cloaked figure of solitude and defiance, she is standing on a rocky breakwater with the spray from the waves whipping about her. As he approaches, her head turns slowly in slow-up, and, as it does, it wreathed in mystery and despair. Struck by the beauty, the enigmatic figure and her womanly beauty, Charles becomes fascinated and, soon, obsessed by her. An outcast of Victorian society because of a former still liaison with a French lieutenant, Sarah is a spirit haunting the small town of Lyme Regis, whose, which has the ritual of a religion, is incest.

In a striking sequence in which the camera circles her, Sarah releases her and history in Charles. "I married you because I knew you were alive. I was not like other women." She is, in fact, a

lonely forerunner of the emancipated woman seeking, at all costs, to feel some sense of self in a world that offered little else to a woman, she has chosen to evade her suffering. And once her sorrow has made her unique, she cannot let go of it—even to find happiness with Charles—and arrests a drama of dignity in love and retains her sense of self.



Streep as Sarah: a woman who chose to evade her misfortune

To take the theme out of its Victorian context and provide the same double edge as the novel, Reisz and Pinter have out to another story. Anna and John, the actors playing Sarah and Charles, are both married and are having an affair during the making of the movie. Each story comments upon and is enriched by the other, and this comment sets up two different endings. The movie-within-a-movie requires the same emotional resources Fowles did from an

behavior remains the same despite changing times. Anna and John are lured into the same thicket as Sarah and Charles, and falling in love remains the same, giving people knowing the same key scenes. De Grouper (Lee McKenry) unknowingly falls in love "obscure melancholy" and Charles, the scientist, is driven to define it. "It was lost from the moment I saw it," he tells Sarah, "the best describes the romantic obsession of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*."

Jeremy Irons' quiet, troubled face keeps this thought to play throughout his performance, and Meryl Streep makes it credible. The delicate sliver of emotion are extraordinary and, with her strands of fiery hair, she is moving as well as nuanced. Streep's acting has a greater change than it has had before, she explores what Pinter called "the sorrows of a changing face."

The movie bathes itself in physical beauty and shows itself as shadow. Cinematographer Perle Francis achieves a depth of focus similar to his work in *The Fugitive*, the 1981 adaptation of Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*. Of the frame a minute detail will catch your eye and then vanish. It is like Streep's voice, slightly stifled to suggest disembodiment, a not quite there quality.

Some things are lost in translation, such as certain sexual characters who added a richness to the book. And while the evocations of time and place are remarkably detailed, there is a mystery, Masterpiece Theatre atmosphere hanging over several scenes. But there are omissions of the pettiest sort. The movie is graced by the same unbroken powers of observation as the novel. It returns the same melancholy, which you can hear in Charles' plaintive and smiling chamber scene. One of the movie's most brilliant moments is subtly re-

The way it works is incredibly simple. The work it does is simply incredible.



Be honest for a moment. You believe word processing is too complicated and too expensive for your business. So AES is introducing the Alphaplus to change your mind.

The new Alphaplus typing system gets words on paper with remarkable simplicity. In fact, there are some people already calling it the world's simplest word processor.

To start with, the Alphaplus is simple to learn and operate. Its keyboard is designed just like the typewriter your secretary is using now.

Incredibly simple. The Alphaplus story gets even simpler. It's so compact, you get screen typing, electronic keyboarding and high speed printing—all in the space of a typewriter.

Simply incredible. What's more, the printer is built right in. So the Alphaplus functions as a complete, one-stop typing centre.

So while the Alphaplus is turning out faster, neater documents, your business

productivity is increased. And that means you're saving time and money.

One last word. As your business needs grow, the Alphaplus can grow along with you. It can be used with all our other AES

Word Processors. So you can easily add to the Alphaplus as new features are developed or are required by your business.

Move up from your current typing system to all the advantages of word processing. The new Alphaplus now makes it uncomplicated and affordable.

All you have to do is fill out the attached reply card. Or send your business card with this ad to AES Data Lib/Ltd., 570 McCaffrey Street, Montreal, Quebec H4T 9Z9.

It's that simple.

HE01091

AES
Alphaplus

Incredibly simple. Simply incredible.



Butter can be made purely and simply. Imitations can't.

Making butter is child's play. It's that simple. Naturally, you'll have to start with fresh cream* in a glass jar or similar container. Then, just shake it vigorously, until the butter separates. Drain off the buttermilk. And what is left in the container is pure, real butter. It's as easy

*If you start with refigerated whipping cream, you'll have less shaking to do

as that to make butter, as you can see for yourself if you try. In fact, the butter you buy is made essentially by the same churning principle.

Naturally, the choice of what you eat is up to you. But, don't you prefer the good taste of the genuine product?

Nutrition Division,
Dairy Bureau of Canada



Sarah, your alive with whispers and chords, and the rattle of leaves.

well, Sarah and Charles have a clandestine meeting in a graveyard while Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D* is being played on an organ in the church behind them. The moment is alive with whispers and chords, tension and the rattle of leaves—truly shagbark.

—LAURENCE O'BRIEN

To the slaughter, with team spirit

GALLIPEOLI

Directed by Peter Weir

There have, by now, been so many antiwar movies that for a director to embark on yet another seems a supreme challenge and quite possibly a folly. How many ways remain to say that war is hell? The Australian director Peter Weir (*Picnic at Hanging Rock, The Last Wave*) has found one in Gallipoli that is fresh and, despite some flaws, effective. The film is in 1915 and the subject is the Australian role against Turkey's alliance with Germany. We don't get near the actual site of war until the end of the movie, but, as a personification, the war is never far away. When we do arrive, the carnage is strewn about casually—casual to the point of being inhuman.

The script, by David Williamson, dwells not so law war divides but how it unites. Such unification, reflecting a shared team spirit more than shared ideals, was the reason Australia entered the fray. There was no passion for direct involvement. Australia was already uninvolved toward the British Empire anyway. Andy (Mark Lee) lies

THE YEAR OF THE DISABLED



The Year of the Disabled is a good time to remind you that being parentless isn't the only problem faced by children in our care.

Your contribution to ADOPT-A-CHILD goes directly to an Israeli youngster being raised in a PIONEER WOMEN HOME. No administrative costs are deducted.

You can give independence and dignity to a child like Yossi.
We just want to remind you,

**BECAUSE OF GENEROUS PEOPLE LIKE YOU,
NO CHILD IS EVER TURNED AWAY**

Please mail to: SPIRITUAL ADOPT-A-CHILD/PIONEER WOMEN
272 Godsell Avenue, Downsview, Ontario M3H 2G2 Tel.: 636 5435

<input type="checkbox"/> \$200.00 one payment	<input type="checkbox"/> \$200.00 one payment	NAME _____
<input type="checkbox"/> \$100.00 one payment	<input type="checkbox"/> \$100.00 one payment	ADDRESS _____
<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00 one payment	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00 one payment	CITY _____ PROV. _____
<input type="checkbox"/> \$25.00 one payment	<input type="checkbox"/> \$25.00 one payment	POSTAL CODE _____

THE LARGEST SOURCE OF CHILD CARE AND IN ISRAEL, IS PIONEER WOMEN IN AMAT

pioneer women 

Because someone has to care

National Address: 4750 Kerr Avenue, Suite 204, Montreal, Quebec H3W 1H3



Lee and Gibson off to Egypt; war, like romance, was exciting

about his age to death because he views the war much the same way he views his romance—a game with excitement. Frank (Mel Gibson), who shares Archy's passion and ability for romance (they can both cover 100 yards in under 10 seconds), is not so sure about the war at all; he is seduced into joining by the

power of manhood. With courage and not a small amount of visual style, *West* follows camp to enlistment and training camps in Egypt, and then to the final suicidal assault on the Turkish trenches at Gallipoli. *Gallipoli*, like most recent Australian films such as *Breaker Morant* and *The*

Chest of *Jimmy Bloodworth*, is fastidiously well-made and far from the least that Australian actors, down to the smallest bit player, can do no wrong. The film leaves its audience with indelible memories. Archy's uncle (Bert Kerr) reading, fighting to sleeping children, a trek through the smoking landscape of the Australian desert, boats rowing toward the Gallipoli beach carrying wounded, anxious faces watching the fireworks of war up ahead, a major (Bill Hunter) insisting to a male operative dead in his tent shortly before battle. Each image advances *Gallipoli's* unusual yet undeniable notion of war as an adventure and the last frontier of exotic endeavor.

War's previous films have been examples of style operating in a vacuum. This time, with Williamson's script behind him and Mel Gibson's impressive performance helmsailing the material, Gibson has Travolta's sensuality, as well as an uncanny strength Travolta has never had), he comes into his own. Often he pushes his posture effects too far, but the result can be exhilarating. It is appealing to think that *Gallipoli*, which cost \$2 million to make, looks every bit as expensive as *Braveheart*. How does Australia, which has a similar history and similar resources, make infinitely better movies than Canada? —LAWRENCE TULLY



Nearly a century ago, Paul Masson aged his premium vines slowly and patiently at this mountain winery. Nearly a century later, we still do. Discover for yourself the benefits of our patience.

We will sell no wine before its time.
Paul Masson

Chablis
from California



Imported in bottle from California

PUBLIC NOTICE

As Little As **\$7** apiece

To earn the largest cash profit in our corporate history our firm is authorized to dispose of up to \$3,000,000.00 (three million dollars) worth of gold, silver and diamond jewelry before Midnight, Oct. 17. We will therefore sell off every piece of solid 14 Karat gold, every piece of solid sterling silver, every piece of genuine 10-facet round diamond, emerald, ruby and sapphire jewelry in our vault listed at right for as little as \$7. All jewelry is brand new, direct from manufacturer. All jewelry is fully guaranteed and may be returned at any time to the address below for a prompt refund. There is *no limit* on how many items you may request *before* Oct. 17, but no requests accepted *after* Oct. 17. Your un cashed cheque will be returned if postmarked later than midnight of that date.

HOW TO ORDER: Complete and mail entire Public Notice Request Form at right to: **BNF MINERALS, LTD., Public Notice, Dept. 917-B, 185 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. M5T 2C6.**

Bonus 14K Gold Heart

Our firm will make a larger profit if you order continue more than one item. Therefore we will gladly give you the 14 Karat Gold Floating Heart Pendant Charm (described at right) as a BONUS GIFT if your order contains more than one piece of jewelry (any combination).

PUBLIC NOTICE REQUEST FORM

MAIL TO: BNF MINERALS, LTD., Public Notice, Dept. 917-B, 185 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5T 2C6

Indicate Quantity Desired Next to Each Item:

- (R03380) — Genuine emerald stud earrings (1/2-carat total weight), \$7
(R04060) — Genuine ruby stud earrings (1/2-carat total weight), \$7
(R04970) — Genuine sapphire stud earrings (1/2-carat total weight), \$7
(R03290) — Solid sterling silver chain (18-inch chain), \$7
(R03270) — Solid 14K gold floating heart pendant chain, \$7
(R03320) — Genuine .25 pt 10-facet round diamond stud earrings, \$7
(R05750) — Genuine .25 pt 10-facet round diamond solitaire bracelet on 7-inch chain, \$7
(R03670) — Genuine .25 pt 10-facet round diamond solitaire necklace on 18-inch chain, \$7
Genuine .25 pt 10-facet round diamond ring, \$7

Small (size 5) (R04095) Medium (size 6) (R04096)
Large (size 7) (R04097) (size 8) (R04098)

- (R03430) — Solid 14K gold chain bracelet (7-inch), \$13
(R03350) — Solid 14K gold necklace (16-inch), \$19

☐ YES my order contains more than one item, so please include the 14K Gold Floating Heart Pendant Charm as my bonus gift. (R03550)

TOTAL OF \$ _____ enclosed.

(Add \$2 shipping and handling regardless of how large your order. Ontario residents add 7% sales tax.)

Name _____
Address _____ Apt. # _____
City _____ Prov. _____ Postal Code _____

BNF-MIN

© 1991 BNF MINERALS LTD.

Second-guessing with second sight

'Seeing Things' is a stylish delight

SEEKING THINGS

CBC, Sept. 15, 32 and 33

Seeing Things is, aptly, about a newspaper reporter equipped with what would seem a greater hold on the profession than portable tape recorders and video cameras. Second sight. This may make for plenty of soap, but it doesn't promise to offer particularly probing drama—after all, solving murders through psychic hunches is a facile premise, a cheery excuse to avoid tight plotting. But *Seeing Things* turns out to be one of the freshest, liveliest projects the CBC has yet aired, a stylish delight which even the masterly Mary Tyler Moore might have been proud to create. In fact, it is worth its own episode of *Love Graft*.

Leslie Croome (Leslie Del Grande), nearing 40, is having a dilly of a mid-life

crisis. He's still paddling in his newspaper's general-assignments pool while his contemporaries exercise their clout in columns. Separated from his wife and son, he holes up in the stereom of his parents' bakery (his mother, miffed about the marital rift, has turned out the bread). One fateful day his editor forces him out to the courts, where he wanders in on the trial of a deviant, up on what seems to be an open-and-shut murder charge. Croome, seized with a vision that the man is being framed, makes an outburst point of himself, absconding with further his wife, his boss and a winsome young assistant Crown attorney (Jane-Laine Greene) But all is forgiven when he stumbles into a creature loony bin called the Central Behaviour Institute. Weight-loss seminars are the norm, but behaviour-modification experiments are being conducted downstairs with kidnapped down-and-

cutters like the grey Croome, the affable shik, is mediated, respected and loved.

Then-described, *Seeing Things* might pass for a honey-baited episode of *The Phoenix Team*. But the series glows with the surest-footed comic sense of the best shows on the air, *Tom and Jerry Miller*, *Del Grande* (who also produced and co-scripted) beams bedazzlement from his big brown eyes behind big brown glasses, but his throwaway first make him nobody's fool. He is backed up by a large ensemble of inspired characters, most appealing of which is Martha Gibson as Croome's long-suffering wife, with her hanging face framed incongruously by a wild, frizzy halo. She is the most rigorous exercise to come down the pipe since Georgia Engel, *The Mary Tyler Moore* Show's Georgetta. There is also the paper's food editor (Leslie Negus), a high-strung chef, who keeps Croome this side of starvation by using him as guinea pig for cooking and lunch soup.

The two following shows (as many as six more scripts will be produced for next season) employ their various wiles superbly. One is set in the art world, and pits Croome against the paper's art critic (Robert Mackay), a wing Oscar Wilde exuber who wears his vulnerability for ease with Jean Crawford's aplomb. Needless to say,



Croome's insights solve the murder of a wealthy art collector, allegedly knocked off by his favorite artist. The other concerns a lethal bombing on the set of a business sitcom called *Red Dispenders*, where Mrs. Croome serves ingeniously as script girl. The show-within-a-show features a drag number by Billy Vaa, a fight for love eyes when he sings "I am w-a-n-a-w."

Seeing Things is a welcome brightener on the fall screen. The shorts are crisscrossed with casual elegance, and are nicely trimmed with affect touches



Gibson (top left), Del Grande: Greene is even the masterly Mary Tyler Moore who would be proud of this



The pacing is well-iced, and shifts its gears effortlessly. Even the disavowance is handled discreetly—Croome sees only intimated details, not entire scenarios. In fact one wonders if, with a little reworking, *Seeing Things* could not have been a deft comedy-mystery, without parapsychological airs. But this is a far less attractive prospect than what passes for premises for most shows. The world that *Seeing Things* creates is otherwise so real that audiences will take Croome's otherwise-odd visions in stride. —DILL MACVICKAR

The best locations are all in Hilton's Canada.

Hilton International Québec

The grace of the old. The vigor of the new. The best of both worlds.

Montréal's Queen Elizabeth

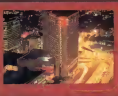
Right on top of everything that makes the city great.

Toronto Airport Hilton International.

Montréal Aéroport Hilton

International (Dorval)

So friendly, so comfortable, and so close. Only minutes from Canada's busiest airport terminals.



Toronto Harbour Castle Hilton

A breath of fresh air in downtown Toronto.

Hotel Vancouver

You'd think they named a city after it.

Have a good night with Hilton.

World Class Hotels operated by

Hilton International

Hotel Vancouver and The Queen Elizabeth are Old hotels operated by Hilton Canada. For reservations call 1-800-368-7666. Travel Agents: any Hilton or CIB Hotel or Hilton Representative Service.

Consider hiring one of these PEOPLE

In the past year, hundreds of Canadian employers made this decision. They hired men and women as computer programmers, receptionists, salesmen and mechanics, and as employees in a whole range of other occupations. Many of these people were blind or visually impaired.



The next time you are looking for a new employee, consult your local CNIB. We can put you in touch with the right person for the right job.



The Canadian National Institute for the Blind



DANCE

Peasants under glass

Perhaps it is only coincidence that the first Soviet cultural troupe to tour Canada since the invasion of Afghanistan is a seemingly innocuous "folk" song-and-dance company from Kiev called the Voryvka. Unlike, say, the Red Army Chorus, the Voryvka's 46 singers, 30 dancers and 15 musicians, all recently deked out in traditional Ukrainian peasant dress, could not be further removed from a helicopter gunship over an Afghan village. Certainly the Voryvka, like much of its 1988 international tour, has a brilliant way of putting together doublets to rest with its dancing but largely empty-headed spectacle. The opening three episodes of the tour in Montreal drew wild enthusiasm from largely non-ethnic audiences. On their next stop, Toronto, the troupe overcame the horn'd stage of the Canadian National Exhibition (Bashell) for a standing ovation. The cross-country tour winds up with a retire-



Voryvka dancers reconstituted peasants looking beyond folk-digging

engagement in Montreal on Sept. 26.

What the Voryvka serves up is really a classy variety show in ethnic drag. The costumes (all from the pre-Soviet era) are so rich that the blossoms take several of two months to embroider. Shimmering manes, flashing their gold teeth, provide the instruments, including a hand-pumped-sounding symphony, fiddle, bass and a lute-like kobza. The

chorus songs, orchestrated and sung by contemporary professionals (and culled from a stock of 300,000 traditional Ukrainian tunes in the Academy of Sciences in Kiev), stick from Herring Pom to the deep nostalgia of Along the Steppes. The dancers, who are ballet-trained, pretend to be peasants with blouses-bare gowns tucked into sack belts. They rouse the audience with wild leaps,



Where else can you go for a vacation and live 2500 years?

India is like a time machine. One moment you can be staggered by art and architecture that was created 1000 years before Columbus discovered America. And the next moment you can be relaxing in a hotel that is so stunningly modern it could be in the heart of New York, London or Paris.

Here the joyous march of 2500 years of continuous civilization flows before your eyes like the river of life. There is so much to go for. The exquisite temples of the south. The crystalline air of the Himalayas. The magnificent frescoes of the Ajanta Caves. The bounteous beaches of Bombay and Delhi. All these and many more make India a land of dreams and romance. Every day there are a thousand sensations reaching out to touch your eyes, your mind and your heart. India will enchant and amaze you, and never, ever bore you.

There is only one place like it in the world.



I'd like to know more about India
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Prov _____
Postal Code _____

India Government Tourist Office,
P.O. Box 242,
Toronto (Downtown) Centre
Square, Ont. M5H 2K7
Tel. (416) 393-2646

Where else but India.

Turn in, Canada!



United States: 800-854-6262. In Canada: 1-800-854-6262. In Ontario: 416-292-2000. In Quebec: 514-292-2000. In the rest of Canada: 1-800-854-6262. In the rest of the world: 1-800-854-6262.

Ever thought an ad was out of bounds?

It doesn't happen often, but it can happen. You see or hear an advertisement that seems to be playing outside the rules. That seems misleading, even false. But you're just not sure.

To know for sure, you need a copy of the rules. They're the Canada Code of Advertising Standards. And every advertiser has to play by them.

The Code is set by the Advertising Standards Council—an organization of industry and public representatives set up to establish and enforce truth, honesty, accuracy and fairness in advertising.

If any advertisement bends or breaks the rules, we make sure it's 15 seconds or less. Should the lowest standard in question not contravene the rules, we still notify the advertiser of your concern.

So if you have any questions, comments or complaints about advertising, direct them to us. And if you want to know what's fair or unfair in advertising, write for your free rule booklet.

Advertising Standards Council
1240 Bay Street, Suite 247
Toronto, Ontario M5R 2A7

TO KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT IN ADVERTISING, WRITE FOR THE RULES.



Maclean's variety show is a theatrical day

spas, sword fights and the inevitable sword-fights, which no Toronto-based press has ever managed to do. To add to the authenticity, these reconstructed passages appear to be performed only two emotions: dead and/or semi-conscious or otherwise dead.

In Canada there are numerous stage-and-dance groups to keep the ethnic litmus bubbling. From Scottish to Arabic. In an amateur context there is still rather amateur. But in the Great Theatre of the Voryvka, the director, Anatoly Andreyevich, admits that his company, which totals 170 members at home, is only one of a string of 15 professional folk companies in the Ukraine alone, with another 10 in the various republics. It's as if Alberta and Saskatchewan, respectively, close to 100,000 half-dance country music acts, dance ensembles, parades by Broadway professionals in gold-embroidered pants, with skirts and sparkling sequined boots.

What is missing in the Voryvka, of course, is a list that this century has ever happened. Because there is nothing contemporary, the artistic process is antiquated. Every Soviet knows that real peasants still wear felt boots, dream of apartments in Moscow and would probably love to have Boris Yeltsin. Whether at home or abroad, Voryvka vapes that reality away with a radiant but early last fall.

—JOHN AYER

BOOKS

Teacups in a tempest

REVIEWED BY

Valerie Fitzgerald
(Dorland Publishers, \$29.95)

Two kinds of heroines hold court in romantic historical fiction—the beautiful but endangered and penniless. One is befriended by her other by her apparent ineptness. Both in the end reveal all their inner gleam as heroes out through their plumed buckskins. The plain heroines become as well as handsome, always too intelligent for their era or their lot in life, saving more in *Love Rites* than in *Plumage*. But they are in a way more seductive than the beauties. This is a kind of sensualist fiction that aims to let its readers, mostly women, sit inside the skins of its characters. While it can have other merits, it does so self-indulgently: how much gain justifiable in the lure of such fiction of one woman to a woman with brains?

Laura Hewitt, of Valerie Fitzgerald's first novel, *Remembrance*, is the perfect example of these plain heroines, set in what is on a voyage to India in 1866 in company with the man she surreptitiously loves and his new bride, her young cousin, Emily. Laura is a wife, a paid companion to her own coach, and wonderfully strengthened by plumed memory. She is the way and wretched voice of the novel. Though *Remembrance* moves along the grooves of a genre, each instance is narrated by Laura, grinds those grooves deeper and deeper. She is the daughter of a penniless, the black sheep of the family who raised his daughter in a shocking manner in some way yet bequeathed her on his death to his respectable Victorian relatives. Fitzgerald's new for her detective outsider's view is so deep that Laura even thinks in half-dance country music acts, dance ensembles, parades by Broadway professionals in gold-embroidered pants, with skirts and sparkling sequined boots.

What is missing in the Voryvka, of course, is a list that this century has ever happened. Because there is nothing contemporary, the artistic process is antiquated. Every Soviet knows that real peasants still wear felt boots, dream of apartments in Moscow and would probably love to have Boris Yeltsin. Whether at home or abroad, Voryvka vapes that reality away with a radiant but early last fall.



Fitzgerald: an intelligent neckerchief

Laura meets the man who will fill the role of hero for the first time in a portrait hung in a gallery in Calcutta. His name is Oliver Brinkley and he is the formidable, rich unknown and unmarried half-brother whose Charles Flood has come to India to seek. Brinkley is a womanizer, a social lion in sole control of most estates in South. He is undoubtedly kind and has the generous feelings, "a daughter's love." He is not handsome. Laura (1861 more than a little in love with her newly, blood cousin—she) takes a fascinated dislike to him. "I should say it is too comical to want to be taken [handled]." If we go into it, right, he would sooner be considered dominant and self-confident.

The novel is more remote than history because its moving force is the war between Miss Hewitt and Mr. Brinkley and not the larger historical conflict that in its setting—the 1857 Indian mutiny of British-trained native soldiers against the caste-breaking marauders of the Empire—Fitzgerald has said that she didn't want to make her hero too Gothic or too inflexible. But Brinkley's stance as the only character both aware of the coming trouble and sympathetic to the Indians allows him a full share of romantic-rebel-hero status.

The bookend of Brinkley is one example of how beautifully Fitzgerald reveals history as it would present itself to Laura. Her accomplishment is that not once in the course of the 700-page

novel do you long to be outside Laura's eyes. Even outside her experience are brought to us in conversation, each detail lived through by a character as that its impact on emotion. Soldier Albert Owen remembers the night that turned him into a battlefield brother as the little English children's feet lined up in their brightly colored shoes after the massacre at Cawnpore. Inside the enclosure at Lucknow, under siege for 181 days and nights, all the money, food, and stupidity, cruelty and horror of the machine is obvious. The scene under protestant at Lucknow briefly and foolishly conduct their round of social conversation about tea and nothing to happen. Laura, withdrawn and a bit of a feminist, watches scornfully as these ladies lift dainty purses against the monsoon while men pass past equal amounts of hot heat out of the houses. Without the ladies, we (and she) finally understand, the rebellion of 1857 would have been another skirmish between soldiers, with them it was a massacre, murder and a moving force for history.

Though the plain Laura-Gothic Oliver romance is an inevitable for Fitzgerald's talents (which have just won her the Georgiana Hyatt prize for historical fiction), she has to get her point across that some. Not many historical romances contain such an intelligent reckoning of two people owing to love, of the beauty before surrender, and the surrender that isn't surrender of one to the other but of each to each.

—ANNE COLLINS

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *Noble House*, Cheryl (1)
2. *God Emperor of the World*, Herbert (2)
3. *The Third Deadly Sin*, Sanders (3)
4. *Early Days*, Smith (4)
5. *The Girl in the Window*, McEwan (5)
6. *John*, Green (6)
7. *The Overcoat*, Webster (7)
8. *Goodbye, America*, Jordan (8)
9. *Leviathan's Lake*, Rogers (9)
10. *The Chinese of Old West*

Non-fiction

1. *The Last Good Made Them All*, Myers (1)
2. *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Merrill (2)
3. *Plasma Arrows on the Border*, Gordon (3)
4. *Death's Book of the Royal Writings*, Victoria (4)
5. *The English's Gold*, Gustafson (5)
6. *Canada's Future*, (6)
7. *The Blue Region on the North*, Scudamore, (7)
8. *They Fox His Sky*, Skelly, (8)
9. *Black Men's Lives*, A. Walker's Life, (9)
10. *Patience's Gap*, Bolmer (10)

(1) Position last week

Rent-a-Pol Inc., B. Davis (prop.)

The Big Blue Machine is shipping talent west to save B.C. from the socialists

By Allan Fotheringham

British Columbians, one must understand, view all other residents of Canada with an air of unshared pity. Anyone so stupid as to not live in Maricopa-on-the-Pacific absolutely deserves the long weather elsewhere. The vaster forms of contempt are reserved, of course, for Ontario, the fading Empire of Glen Inkster, where all the birds are upbraid and inside every office desk is a Canned Black struggling to get out. When a proper Torontonian is in one-day in paperback at a 50 quelling time, eager to save the company bonus, which will give him a swimming pool shaped like his ulcer, his British California equivalent is long gone into the hot tub, doing underwater research with his secretary.

It is with some astonishment, therefore, that one meets the remarkable recent invasion of the inner circles of the B.C. government by a clutch of Ontario Tories, complete with neo-pagan pastries, warts and kindly bumps on their foreheads, which resemble intelligence and organizational goals. It is not as much an invasion, really, as a recruitment—a Lead-Learn program equivalent to the Marshall plan, which rebuilt Europe after the war. The Big Blue Machine, for bootstrapping and the usual demonic reasons, is to recruit the fading reputation of MiniWac, the one and only premier of Donkeyhead-with-Mountains, Bill Bennett. If the socialist borders are without the gates—and capitalism is in peril—who better to come riding to the rescue, her: Brangany. Bill Davis, the man who has managed to reduce Canada's once most powerful province to a parish pump. Why better suited.

What is happening is that Bennett and Social Credit have been so low in the polls and public esteem this past year that their people, but Davis Bennett hasn't opened his yap in public except to yawn. It has been the considered wisdom in the Vancouver Club and to-be-remembered pubs where journalists hang out. Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

that the Socials are closer than Joe Clark. So Bennett, who doesn't know many people (when you're in a hurry to make a million dollars you don't stop to shake hands much), went back to his Kiewit roots to drag out a small business friend, one Hugh Harris. This is a chap who has one polyester suit, a broken nose, a pipe and a thin frame. He is longed for in the basement of plain-Ontario dark corners, the shadows at the Empire Club, the speaking podium in the Royal York in Toronto, where the



white man to greet and gripe about the terrible state of affairs since the children were taken out of the mines.

Hugh Harris has been sleeping about the land for some two years now, studying political organizations elsewhere, going to the U.S. presidential conventions, assigned by the green-tinted counterintelligence spookwork of the most militant neo movement in Canada. Spooking, with Bennett Agony to go to the electronic armaments in 1982, there are quiet announcements Patrick Kirodia, the guru who has given Bill Davis back his majority, is leaving Ontario to take charge—though so one will admit it—of the political organization of the socialist, mental-brothers, anti-nuclearists and jump-up evangelists of the Social Credit fancy-money group. This is the man who turned down the entreaties of Joe Clark to replace Paul Curley as head of the Progressive Conservative headquarters in Ottawa. Why would Brangany

let Bill release his right arm to the larks and strip miners? Read on.

Next thing we hear is that Dr. Norman Specter, another Ontario recruit, has been brought in at assistant deputy minister level to be in charge of Bennett's office, a post some of some confidence. He's just 32 and presumably has some brains. Next to emigrate is Jerry Lampert, 37, a political science graduate, Bill Davis' man in eastern Ontario who was in charge of 16 constituencies. He used to brief Joe Clark and was campaign manager in Ottawa for John Fagan. Coming on the scene is Bruce Linn, a wavy-haired fellow who don't lose the language and bent up the press for both Davis and Clark. All from the Big Blue Machine. There is someone called Dave Thatchuk, executive director of the Saskatchewan Tories, who is about to become another of Bennett's best people, dedicated to poor burning oil and pills on the rapidly repackaging box.

Now why, one might ask, in the parliament of the Ontario Tory boredom factor being unleashed on the lead back elements of hapless B.C.? As a result

of the latest Delta election win, which has stretched Ontario Tory rule over 40 years, both Ontario Liberal leader Robert Smith and vice head Michael Cassidy have given up and are resigning. With Canada's next severe socialist, Allan Blakeney, unseatable in Saskatchewan and Tory Sterling Lyon likely to fall to the NDP in Maricopa soon, there is the natural free-ferret prize for that poor Lougheed. Is going to be left a lone capitalist in a Western Canadian sea of socialism as he was six years ago. Brangany Billy, with ineffectual Clark increasingly isolated within his own caucus, could certainly use a power base in the third-largest province if he decides to go for the big Tory bundle in Ontario.

Can the forces of free enterprise—emboldened by the odd couple of Maggie Thatcher and Ronald Reagan—swallow a match between the Big Blue Machine and the disciples of the A-B Theorists? Is there a capitalist conspiracy going on? Bet your sweet buggy.



"We'd been to see Frauka and Deiter's Black Forest. Now it was time for them to see ours."

"Perhaps past the capital."

"It was a beautiful day, and a beautiful evening. We set up camp on our property, and relaxed with a Canadian Club. Its smooth light taste has made it 'The Best In The House' in 87 lands. And as Deiter said, 'it's also the best under your autumn stars.'"

Canadian Club
A taste of the world. The taste of home.

Some things just take your breath away.



Great Canadian Vodka